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UNENDING.

BY A. Y. R.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs;
  There is an end to laughter and to tears,
An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
  An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears,
An end to enmity's foul libelling
  And to the gracious praise of tender friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
  To love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas,
  Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see:
The glorious shows of nature pass and pass;
  Quickly they come, as quickly do they flee,
And he who hears the voice of welcoming
  Hears the next show, sad, farewell of his friend.
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
  To love there is no end.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED)

HE was disappointed and looked it. He took up the stones; he felt inclined to pitch them out of the window.

Robinson laughed, the pre-occupied laugh of the man of science. "No end of fools—beg your pardon, Marshbank, no offence—come to me with things like that; think they've got a fortune. Quite a common mistake, I assure you." He began to stir the crucible again.

Stannard Marshbank pushed the now worthless stones about with his finger, then he said—

"Just write me down an analysis—assay, description, whatever you call it, of them, will you, and say how much copper there is in them."

He wanted to show Mr. Winsdale that there was some copper, at any rate.

"All right," said Robinson. "Leave 'em there and I'll send you the assay."

"To-night?" said Stannard.

"Eh? Oh, ah, yes, to-night. I'm very busy——"

"And I will not, therefore, take up any more of your time," said Stannard, and he left the great man to his precious crucible.

On the way to his rooms in Queen Elizabeth Mansions Stannard felt small and uncomfortable. Then, gradually, as he turned the matter over he began to cheer up.

After all, it was as well, perhaps. If the quarry had turned out a copper mine, Francis Winsdale whold have been rich, Eva an heiress, and his chance of marrying her made still more difficult.

Yes, perhaps it was for the best!

He dined at home that night and—it was Wednesday and the House not sitting—was reading and thinking of Eva when his servant brought in a small parcel.

It was from Robinson. There were the stones and the report scrawled on a half sheet of note paper.

Stannard looked at the figures. What a deal they meant! If the decimal 92 had been on the one side of the line instead of the other Mr. Winsdale would have been a rich man!

He looked dreamily at the paper, his pale eyes half hidden by the lids, for some moments, then suddenly a gleam shot into his eyes and he jerked his head up.

A thought, an idea, a suggestion had, so to speak darted into his brain. It was a Great Idea. So great that it made him hot and cold all in a breath and caused the hand that held the meager piece of paper to shake.

He dropped the report on the table and walked up and down the room for half a dozen turns. Then he came back to the table and, as if fascinated, stared at the paper in silence and motionless while one could count twenty.

Then he went to the door and locked it, turned up the lamp, and, sitting down before the paper, studied it minutely. After a close, a very close, examination, he got a penknife, a small ivory paper-cutter, and drew the pens and ink towards him.

With the greatest care he scratched out the long line between the figures, rubbed the rough spot with the ivory penknife until it was burnished like the rest of the sheet, and then, with a careful, steady hand, drew the line on the other side of the figures.

It entirely altered the report; from worthless stones the pieces of jagged rock were transformed into precious ore.

The paper, as it read now, made out Francis Winsdale a rich man.

He rose from the table with the paper in his hand; big drops of sweat stood on his brow, his face was pale, his lips twitching; but a smile of cunning satisfaction and anticipatory triumph was in his eyes, and the vision of Eva Winsdale, in all her fresh, sweet loveliness, flashed before him.

Then he laughed softly; the laugh of a man who is pleased with himself.

And he was pleased, very pleased, for he had done a really clever thing.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHY, what is all this about copper mines and making fortunes, Eva, dear? asked Lady Janet, one afternoon about a week after Stannard Marshbank had brought the forged—shall we be exact and say "altered?"—report to the amazed and delighted Mr. Winsdale. "I heard Mr. Marshbank—I mean Stannard,"—she had not yet learned to call him by his Christian name easily—"telling Edmund last night at dinner that your father had discovered copper—or was it tin?—on Little Moor."

"It is quite true," said Eva, with a faint flush, as she looked up from the skein of silk which she was winding for Lady Janet. "I did not tell you before because Mr. Stannard asked us to say nothing about it. I don't know why, though I am sure he must have some good reason for secrecy. You will not think me—close and secretive, dear Lady Janet?" she added, in a low voice.

"My dear! Why should I?" returned the old lady at once, and she smiled at her lovingly.

"I have no doubt that Stannard had the best of reasons for keeping it quiet; he is such a thorough business man, you know. Edmund says the way he has mastered all the details of the estate, the rents, and leases, and all that kind of thing, is quite extraordinary. He seems to know as much already as Mr. Benson, the steward. And there is copper on Little Moor! Why, that means that you will be quite rich people, dear, does it not?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Eva, quietly, and without a trace of elation. "Mr. Marshbank says so. It was he who discovered it. He found some of the ore—I think it is called—I heard papa and him talking about it—one afternoon when he and I were in the quarry."

"Dear, dear!" said Lady Janet, "I am very glad! You cannot be richer than you deserve to be, my dear."

"Are you glad?" said Eva, as quietly as before.

"Yes; are not you, Eva?" said Lady Janet, stopping in her winding to look at her beautiful, grave face.

"I—I don't know," replied Eva, in a low, thoughtful voice. "I suppose it is—nice—to be rich. It must be, or father would not be so delighted."

Lady Janet smiled.

"Money is a good thing," she said, with the impersonal air of those who have never felt the want of it. "At least, it is a good thing in good hands," she added, with a sigh, and Eva knew she was thinking of Lord Fayne as well as if Lady Janet had mentioned his name. "And I am sure it will be in good hands with you, my dear. And Mr. Winsdale is delighted? Naturally."

"Yes," said Eva, stifling a sigh. "He is quite changed."

"You speak as if—as if you almost regretted it, my dear."

The color stole into Eva's face as she looked before her absently again.

"Do I? Perhaps I do—I don't know. You see—shall I speak out from my heart, dear Lady Janet? I will. Well, I—I liked father best before this sudden and almost miraculous wealth came to him. You know how—how happy and contented he was. He was like a child just a little wee bit tired, but quite happy and full of enjoyment of everything. It used to make me happy to see him so contented. He enjoyed all the little things of life so completely, and seemed so free from care of every kind. I," she laughed softly and rather sadly. "I was proud of the lazy, dolce far niente way in which he took things, and loved to see him lying in his hammock or dawdling with his novel and cigarette. Oh, do you understand?"

"I think I do, dear," murmured Lady Janet, sympathetically. "Edmund never could take life like that. I have often wished he could."

"But it is all changed now," said Eva. "Father is restless and excited, and does not seem able to sit still for five minutes. There is no more lying in the hammock or sauntering round the green-houses, or wandering about the garden. I—I think that his very face has altered. You know how pleased and—and happy he used to be, and how he used to smile after he had made one of those witty speeches which always made Lord Averleigh laugh? He seems to have forgotten how to smile, and his voice has grown quick and sharp and—and irritable. The least noise disturbs and worries him, and he cannot read or—or take any interest in anything but this mine. Yes, he has changed!"

Lady Janet patted her hand consolingly.

"You must not mind, dear," she said, encouragingly. "It is only natural that Mr. Winsdale should be anxious and worried. Riches may have their drawbacks. It will be all right presently, when the mine—or whatever it is—has proved successful; and your father will be his old self again. Don't be uneasy, Eva dear."

"Do you think he will?" said Eva, catching at the hope. "If I thought he would always be like he is now, harassed and worried, I would rather remain poor; oh, ever so much rather."

"Yes, dear, I understand. But surely you must be glad on your own account? Do you not look forward to being rich?"

Eva thought for a moment.

"No," she said. "I am quite happy and contented. And so was my father until this copper was found. I would just as soon drive Prince as ride in a carriage and pair, and I am as fond of White Cot as you and Lord Averleigh are of the Court."

"Dear child!" murmured Lady Janet, and she bent forward and kissed her. "That is the secret of happiness—content ment. But you will be able to do more than buy a large house and carriages, Eva."

"Yes," said Eva, brightening a little. "I shall be able to help my poor people, shall I not? That will console us," and she laughed. "Fancy being 'consoled' for the possession of a fortune! It is as well that Mr. Marshbank does not hear me; he would indeed think me ungrateful."

"Stannard is a wonderfully clever man," said Lady Janet, after a pause. "Edmund says that he has one of the acutest brains he has ever met with. Although it is so short a time since—since he came down here, he has effected several important improvements in the working of the estate, which have resulted in a large saving of expense; and he has so thoroughly mastered everything that Edmund leaves almost the entire management to him."

"Yes, Mr. Marshbank is very clever," said Eva. She made the little assent in a rather curious fashion; not ungrudgingly, but without any warmth. And yet, she told herself, she ought to be very grateful to Mr. Marshbank. He had discovered a fortune for her father and her, and seemed to devote his valuable time and great abilities to their service. She had seen a great deal of him lately, for the business of the mine brought him to White Cot very frequently; indeed, when he was at Averleigh, he spent almost all his time at White Cot, or walking about the quarry with her father, and his manner to her was perfect in its respectful devotion.

As she sat there, holding the skein of dainty silk, she thought of all that he had done for them; of his unobtrusive attention—devotion was not too strong a word—to her, and felt almost ashamed of not liking him better than she did.

Her father was never tired of singing his praises. He seemed to have forgotten the vague suspicion he had first entertained of him, and he had grown to regard him as an oracle. It was Stannard Marshbank says this, or thinks that, all day long; so that Stannard Marshbank seemed to have entered into her life to an extent that almost absorbed, or, at any rate, overshadowed it.

Her father read Stannard's speeches in the House aloud at breakfast time, quoted him constantly, and, of course, when speaking about the coming mine, gave him all the praise and credit.

"Yes, he is very clever," she said, after those thoughts had passed through her mind.

"And he is getting quite popular," said Lady Janet, as if she were trying to impress herself with his good qualities. "Edmund says that he understands the people on the estate already, and that he can do twice as much with them as Mr. Benson can." She sighed rather inconsistently, and Eva, knowing the cause of the sigh, said, in a low voice—

"Have—have you heard from Lord Fayne, Lady Janet? But, perhaps, I ought not to ask. Forgive me."

"No—no, my dear; I have no secrets from you. Yes, we have heard. Heriot wrote to his father the other day. It was only a short note, of a few lines, in which he said that Stannard had been to see him, and that he, Heriot, was quite willing that Stannard should be Edmund's heir. He called him hard names—one was 'hypocrite'; but"—she wiped her eyes—"he sent his love to me. It was kind of him to think of me, dear, was it not? My poor boy!"

"He cannot be altogether bad," said Eva, in a low voice, as she put her arm round Lady Janet's neck.

Lady Janet looked at her gratefully.

"Thank you for saying that, dear. No! I will not believe him altogether bad; but—but Stannard says that he is wilder than

ever, and that he has been borrowing money from the Jews on the reversion; and—and we know what that means. But he sent his love to me, poor boy!"

Eva's carriage—as the footman always persisted in calling her pony-cart—was announced, and Eva drove home. Her father was in the study when she arrived, and, when she came down dressed for dinner, she found Stannard Marshbank in the drawing-room. He often remained to dinner, going into the study afterwards with Mr. Winsdale.

His pale eyes lit up as she entered the room, and swept swiftly over her lovely face, and every detail of the black lace dress which sat so gracefully that it seemed part of the lithe, supple form.

"You must be quite tired of me, Miss Winsdale," he said, bending over her hand with the exaggerated air of respect and devotion which, somehow or other, always jarred upon Eva. "But Mr. Winsdale and I have a few matters to talk over, and he has kindly asked me to dine."

"Is the mine going on all right?" Eva asked. "I suppose you are going to talk about that?" and she laughed, but not very mirthfully.

"Ah, yes," he said. "It is the mine, and nothing else, just at present. I am afraid it bores you terribly. But, when once it is started, there will not be so much to talk about. Yes, it is going excellently, I am glad to say. The arrangement for the start is nearly complete, and I trust that, in a few months, Mr. Winsdale will reap the benefit."

As he spoke, Francis Winsdale came in, not with his old, slow, indolent gait, but abruptly, alertly, and he looked round in a nervous irritable fashion. He was, as Eva had said, changed indeed.

"Dinner ready?" he said, sharply. "Gad, Soames is the most unpunctual of fellows. He doesn't appear to understand that time is money! And time is money, eh, Marshbank? Well, Eva, been for a drive? Mr. Marshbank and I have been down to the quarry. Things are looking very bright. Is that the old dress you wore in the spring? You haven't too many, I suppose. Ah, well; a few weeks—months—eh, Marshbank?—and you can fill your wardrobe from Monsieur Worth's. Dinner? Come on. Give Eva your arm, Marshbank."

All through the meal—which he ate quickly, as if he were indifferent to the fare—he who a few years ago had been so critical that a badly-cooked dish would have made him unhappy—he wanted to talk of the mine, but Eva noticed that Stannard Marshbank deftly and delicately steered him away from the subject into others more interesting to her.

All through the dinner that peculiar devotion to her manifested itself. He put forth his best powers in the effort to amuse her, and, in spite of that vague feeling of distrust of him, succeeded. If she dropped her serviette he noticed it and picked it up for her. The room was rather hot, and he handed her the fan which lay beside her plate. In a hundred and one little ways he showed that he was constantly thinking of her.

This close attention—respectful, almost reverential as it was—seemed to weigh heavily upon Eva, to oppress her, and she was glad—though she felt guilty of ingratitude—to escape from it to the drawing-room.

After dinner the two gentlemen went into the study, and Mr. Winsdale, giving his guest a cigar, and lighting one for himself, went straight at the mine.

"And so all the preliminaries are arranged?," he said, sinking into a chair.

Stannard Marshbank was thinking of Eva, of the exquisite contrast the black lace dress afforded to the white arms and beautifully moulded neck, and he tried to drag himself away from the mental vision.

"Yes," he said, in a business-like way; "everything is ready, I think."

"Are you still of opinion that I should work it myself; take all the responsibility, and not form a company?"

"I am still of that opinion," replied Stannard Marshbank. "If you form a company you give them the greater part of the profits. Why should you do that? The land is your own, and you only want capital to work the mine for your own sole benefit. What I propose—that is, that you should borrow the money on mortgage—on the land, the Little Moor, and—er—the rest of your property, is, I think, the best plan. It is what I should do, and so I advise you to do the same."

Francis Winsdale knit the brows that had used to be so placid.

"There is some risk," he said. "Suppose the mine should fail, the copper give out? Where should I—and Eva—be then?"

Stannard Marshbank shot a swift glance at him, then leant back in his chair and laughed.

"Where is the risk?" he said, confidently. "Robinson, the assayer, never makes a mistake. The report says that there is a tremendous proportion of copper in the ore. He never makes a mistake; it is more than his reputation dares do. There is the copper, as he says, and you have only to work it. I have found a syndicate, two or three gentleman who will advance the money—they do not want their names to appear, for very good and obvious reasons; they are public men, you know, and it will be sent through their solicitor, who happens to be mine. With this money you can start the mine and secure all the profits. They commence at once, you see, as the copper is so near the surface. No, no company! Keep it all in your own hands, I say. Why should you share a colossal fortune with a pack of City sharks? And it will be a colossal fortune!"

Francis Winsdale jumped up from his chair and paced the room.

"Yes!" he said. "I shall be rich! By Heaven, I can scarcely realize it. Rich, enormously rich, even if—if I allow a percentage on your calculations, Marshbank——"

"You need not. I have made them fairly, even modestly."

"And Eva—Eva will be an heiress! God bless her! It is of her I am thinking. She is worthy of this good fortune, eh, Marshbank?"

"She is indeed," murmured Stannard Marshbank. "Miss Winsdale would adorn any sphere, however elevated. She was born to shine, like a glorious, heavenly planet——"

"Yes, yes," murmured Francis Winsdale, his intellectual face flushing. "It is for Eva's sake! We will leave this bit of a cottage—it is all unworthy of her, eh, Marshbank? I think I should like a house in Park Lane or Grosvenor Square. We shall entertain, of course. I hope that some of my old friends will not have forgotten Francis Winsdale."

"No, indeed! You need have no such fear," murmured Stannard. "You will be welcomed back to the scenes of your old triumphs, Mr. Winsdale."

"You think so?" with a pleased smile. "Yes; and with Eva! It is only right that she should take her place in the world. She is lost here—pardon the egotism of a fond and foolish father, Marshbank."

"You cannot admire Miss Winsdale more than I do, sir," said Stannard Marshbank, in a low voice. But Mr. Winsdale scarcely noticed what his young friend was saying. He was thinking of Eva queening it in brilliant drawing-rooms, with the best of London's best at her feet.

"I am anxious to begin, for her sake," he said, feverishly, impatiently. "I want to see her take her proper place."

"And she will. And you, too, sir," murmured Stannard Marshbank, with flattering emphasis. "You have been buried in this out of the-way spot too long. You are wanted—wanted in society, Mr. Winsdale; and, all going well, you will re-enter it with flags flying and drums beating. It will be a triumphal progress. You will go back a millionaire, if my calculations are all correct."

They went into the drawing-room, the older man flushed with suppressed excitement, the younger, cool and self-possessed, and Mr. Winsdale went up to Eva and laid his hand upon her hand.

"Well, dear?" he said, tremulously. "This place is a deadly dull hole! Never mind! We shall be in London—in Park Lane or Grosvenor Square—this time next year, I hope. Eh, Marshbank?"

"But I don't want to be in—where did you say—Grosvenor Square?" Eva said, with a smile, as she drew his hand across her soft cheek. "I am quite happy at White Cot, father."

Mr. Winsdale smiled.

"So you think," he said. "But wait until you have tasted the delights of London! My little schoolgirl will sing a different tune then. Yes, yes! you will laugh at that little speech of yours and wonder how you could have been content to merely exist. By the way, Eva, when that time arrives you must not forget to be grateful to Mr. Marshbank!" and he touched that gentleman on the shoulder as he passed.

Stannard Marshbank looked down at her with a smile that only just concealed the passion which throbbed in his heart.

"I trust you will never entertain so uncomfortable a sensation to wards me, Miss Winsdale," he said.

"And yet I ought to be grateful, she said. "If we are rich, as father hopes to be, we shall owe it to you."

"To an accident only," he said. "If I had not chanced to pick up the piece of ore. But I shall count it a happy accident if it should be the means of increasing your happiness. I would do—I do not think there is anything I would not do—to bring, let us say, one transient smile to your face."

Something in his tone, in the light which he had allowed to just peep out from his pale eyes made Eva look up at him with something like dread.

No man, as yet, had ventured to make love to her. She did not know what it meant.

Instinctively she shrank back a little, as Stannard, bending over her, with his arm on the piano, went on in a low voice—

"Ah, you do not understand! You, who have so many friends who love you, you who have a home whose very atmosphere is love, cannot understand how much, how dear your—friendship is to me, how I look forward to the hour at which I shall be at White Cot, how loath, being here, I am to leave it! Some day," he paused and fought for self-control, "I may find courage to tell you how it is with me. Even now," his breath came fast, "I am sorely tempted! If I were sure that you would not be angry—alarmed—I would lay bare my heart and show you——"

Eva had been sitting motionless, listening to the low, soft voice, like a person under a spell. But he ventured to touch the lace on the sleeve of her dress, and the touch broke the spell. She shivered faintly, as if a chill wind had swept over her, and rose with a sudden pallor.

He saw the effect his words, his touch had produced, and trembled.

"Miss Winsdale—Eva," he said, almost inaudibly. But as if she were afraid of what he would say, she looked round with a startled expression in her beautiful face, the "maiden look" of fear and recoil from the tyrant, Love.

Stannard Marshbank recovered himself in a moment.

"Forgive me," he murmured. Then he glanced at his watch. "It is time I were going. They are early folks at the Court, and my uncle likes a chat before he goes to bed."

He said good-night in quite an ordinary way, but when he got outside big drops of sweat stood on his brow.

"Too soon!" he muttered; "I frightened her! I must wait until I get her within the net, then—ah, then she may shrink as much as she pleases. Heavens, how beautiful she is! How sweet! I'd rather lose my soul than lose her!"

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE morning Grace flung open the door of her room, and with excitement quivering in her voice called for Johnnie.

Johnnie came, feeling his way up the stairs, and was seized and dragged into the room by Grace.

"Johnnie!" she cried, "I've good news for you! Oh, you'd never guess if you had fifty tries. Never! Johnnie, I've had a letter. It's just come. And who do you think it's from? Mr. Dick! Mr. Dick, Johnnie! And it says that you're to go and play at a big house this evening. This evening! And that isn't all, there's something in the letter—oh, Johnnie, I can't help thinking that I'm dreaming and that it isn't real. Look at that, Johnnie; feel it!" and she forced something into his hand. "Do you know what it is? It's a five pound note! Five pounds!"

She gasped for breath, and gazed triumphantly at the boy's face, which had gone even paler than with excitement.

"Five pounds! P'raps it's a bad one, Grace," he stammered.

She laughed.

"I don't wonder at you saying that. It's just what I thought, till I remembered who sent it. No, it's good enough, Johnnie. Just hear what the note says," and she read, with quivering voice—

"Dear Miss Warner,—Johnnie's to play at Lady Seamount's, Seamount House, Grosvenor Square, at ten o'clock this evening. Five pounds. I've put it inside, thinking you'd like to get a few things. Take a cab, and tell him not to be nervous, but to play as if he were in the street.—Your friend, DICK."

"There!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it good, and kind, and thoughtful of him? Of course, he knew you'd want a new coat and things, for such a swell place, and so he sent the money in advance! And you are not to be nervous, he says. But you won't be, Johnnie, will you? It's me that will be nervous, amongst all those grand people! I—I almost wish I were blind as we—Johnnie," he added, in a low voice.

"Don't!" he faltered, and she stooped and kissed him remorsefully.

"I didn't mean that; and I sha'n't be nervous, either, Johnnie. Who'll notice a little, insignificant person like me! They'll all be too much taken up with your playing. But come on, Johnnie," she hurried on, as she put her work away, with feverish haste. "We must go and get some clothes for you."

"And for you, too, Grace," he said, in his low, monotonous voice, that had that strange quality of softness belonging to the blind. "You must buy a new dress."

"No—no!" she said clapping on her hat. "I'm all right. I've got a black dress—one that will just do. Besides, it's your money."

"Grace! I won't have any new clothes if you don't buy something. I won't go," and he sat himself on the box, with an air of determination.

"Nonsense, Johnnie! To hear you!" she laughed. "Well, I'll borrow enough for a pair of gloves. I know where you can buy beauties—six button!—for one and eleven! Come on!" and she took his hand and led him out.

All the way to the ready made clothes shop they talked of Mr. Dick and his goodness, and only one flaw in the happiness which threatened to overwhelm them arose from the fact that there was no address in his letter to which they could write and thank him.

"Don't you fret about that, Grace, said Johnnie. "I'll be bound we shall see him again, some day. You know he knows where we live, and I don't think he's the one to drop his friends. He'll come, and then we can thank him better than in a letter. And just you get a good pair of gloves, even if they are as much as half-a-crown. And wouldn't you like a jacket or a hat? Just to please me, Grace, now!"

But Grace was firm in drawing the line at the gloves, and she was not far wrong, when, with a laugh of suppressed excitement, she assured Johnnie, when they were on the point of starting, that she looked "just like a lady" in her old black dress.

The cab set them down at one of the largest of the big houses in the square, and a footman, with a kindly condescension, took them up a wide staircase, lined on each side with palms and tropical plants, into a small room, where a maid stood beside a tea-table.

"Her ladyship thought you'd like a cup of tea before you began," she said. "Young gentleman blind, m'sa! Poor fellow! Here's a low chair for him."

Johnnie's ear was sharp, and his heart swelled with pride at the "Young gentleman"; it was the new suit of "reach me-downs," of course.

Grace took her cup of tea with rather a tremulous hand. From the other side of some huge plush curtains she could hear the murmur of voices, and guessed that the adjoining room was the drawing-room, and that the "swells" were already there.

"You won't be nervous, Johnnie?" she whispered, anxiously; but he turned his eyes to her with a grave simplicity.

"Me, Grace. Why should I? It won't be more than playing in the streets, you know. And, besides, I sha'n't see them, you see."

Presently the curtains were divided; a stately lady stood in the opening, and a young gentleman, with a somewhat flushed face, looked over her shoulder.

"Oh, here they are, mother," he said. "How are you?" and he nodded to Johnnie, but kept his eyes upon Grace, whose eyes dropped with fright.

"I'm very well, sir," said Johnnie, in his childish treble. Lord Seamount chuckled, and nodded again.

"Have you had some tea?" asked Lady Seamount, with a simple, unaffected kindness that somewhat quieted the flutter of Grace's heart.

"Awfully young, aren't they? And what a pretty girl, eh, mother?" whispered Lord Seamount.

"Yes," said her ladyship. "I—I hope it's all right, Monty."

"You bet!" he responded. "The little chap can play, or Heriot would not have recommended him, dontchaknow."

"Well," said her ladyship. Then she put her arm through his lovingly. "And you will stay, won't you, Monty? You won't run away? You know how I love to have you near me when people are here; at all times, indeed, Monty."

"All right; I'll stay. Don't you be afraid. Rare lot of people here already; don't want me to talk to 'em all, do you? Awful bad hand at the kind of cackle that goes on at these tea fights, mother."

"Not to all of them, Monty," she said, with a smile, her eyes resting on his handsome boyish face with that mother's love,

which is as near the divine as we have any knowledge of. "But you might speak to one or two. There are sure to be some nice girls——"

"Sure; always flush of nice girls you are, mother."

"Yes, and you might find one and talk to her, Monty. I don't want you to be bored——"

He laughed.

"Awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I shall be; tea fights not in my line, you know. Never mind, I'll stand it as long as I can."

He went up to Grace, who had been standing respectfully waiting. "Won't you have another cup of tea? Or your brother? Well then, they'd better come in, hadn't they, mother? Or do you keep them here till they have to play?"

"Oh; they may as well come in here," said Lady Seamount, still eyeing the pair with a sort of kindly doubt.

Grace, with Johnnie's hand in hers, followed the mother and son into the drawing-room. Its size and magnificence almost overwhelmed her, and for a moment she felt confused and bewildered, but the countess, seeing her embarrassment, led her to some seats behind the piano, and there Grace, gripping Johnnie's hand looked round her and found her breath.

A number of guests had already arrived, and were seated or standing about the room in couples or little groups. To Grace the women in their beautiful evening dresses, with their flashing gems, looked like beings from another world; and the gentlemen, in their dress clothes, which fitted them so perfectly that it made her think of the fashion plates at the tailor's where she had bought Johnnie's new suit, filled her with awe. And yet, though they were such "swells," as she would have called them, they seemed to talk and laugh as freely and as simply as quite common folk.

Servants were taking round small cups of tea and thin slices of bread and butter, and cakes on large silver salvers, and the gentlemen were helping the ladies to sugar and milk quite in a free and easy way.

Presently a young lady went to the piano, and though she played so beautifully that Johnnie's tiny paw closed over Grace's spasmodically; she was amazed to find that no one stopped talking, or seemed to listen, though when the young lady had finished, everyone said, "Oh, thank you, thank you very much! Beautiful!" as if they had been listening as intently as Johnnie himself.

Then a gentleman, with a big black moustache, and eyebrows almost as large, came forward and sang, but only some of the people stopped talking, and those who listened did so in a lazy patronizing kind of way. Grace began to tremble for Johnnie.

After the gentleman with the big moustache had finished, he was followed by a young lady, who stood in the centre of the room, and recited. She was a pale-faced young lady, with a mass of tow colored hair; and she recited, in a thin weak voice, something about a child in a hospital.

It was supposed to be affecting, but Grace saw that the listeners—they were very few indeed—looked bored, and she heard Lord Seamount, who stood near her with his mother, groan so loudly, that it was a wonder that the young lady also did not hear him. But perhaps she was too absorbed in her melancholy performance.

"Awful rot this, dontchaknow, mother," said Lord Seamount. "She can't recite! You should hear Polly Binks at the Frivolity! Why don't you get her instead of this one. Polly would make them sit up and howl, I can tell you."

"Hush, dear!" whispered her ladyship. "Lady Skimmers is supposed to recite very well. She recites everywhere."

"Oh; does she! Well, I wish I'd gone and got a S. and B. while she was doing her 'turn.' Oh, I say, mother," he broke off, "who is this?"

Grace looked towards the door and saw a young girl entering, followed by a beautifully dressed old-young gentleman, with a smile as beautiful as his clothes. But Grace only glanced at him; her eyes seemed drawn and held fast by the young lady's face. She had never seen anyone so lovely, so sweet. She seemed to Grace like a beautiful dream. She waited eagerly for Lady Seamount's reply.

"That is Miss Winsdale, Francis Winsdale's daughter. What a beautiful girl! He is an old friend; but I have never seen her. I heard she was very lovely, but had no idea—— Go and tell her I am here, Monty. I cannot get out."

Lord Seamount pushed his way—none too ceremoniously—through the fashionable mob, and brought Mr. Winsdale and Eva to his mother.

"I am so glad to see you, my dear," said Lady Seamount, in her motherly fashion; "I have heard so much about you. Yes!" with a smile of admiration as Eva opened her eyes with innocent surprise. "And I have a great mind to quarrel with your father for not bringing you to see me before. And so you have come back to us, Mr. Winsdale? What is this everybody is whispering; that you have come into a large fortune—or was it something about a mine?"

Francis Winsdale laughed, in his cynical fashion; but there was a ring of exultation in the laugh.

"There is never any smoke without fire, Lady Seamount," he said. "Let us hope that the fire, in this case, will amount to a huge blaze."

Lady Seamount drew Eva down beside her, and took her hand.

"You must come and see me when I am alone, my dear," she said. "I hope you will let us be great friends. You should be a happy man," she added, in a whisper, to Winsdale.

He glanced at Eva proudly. "I am!" he said.

There was a hush in the entertainment, and Lady Seamount returned to her duties.

"Will your brother play now?" she said, turning to Grace.

Grace whispered to Johnnie, and he stood up, and began to play.

For a little while the talking went on, then, gradually, it diminished, and presently ceased altogether. Grace saw the people standing silent, and listening intently, and she drew a breath of relief. The beautiful girl—Miss Winsdale—turned towards the boy, and fixed her lovely eyes upon him, with a look so sweet, so grateful, that Grace's heart beat with triumph.

When Johnnie had finished—it was Chopin's II. Nocturne—a murmur of applause arose, and Lord Seamount thrust his hands in his pockets.

"Didn't I tell you it was all right, mater! George, he can play! Let's have another, little chap."

"Again, Johnnie!" whispered Grace, her fair, pretty face flushed. Eva saw her delight and bent forward to her.

"Your brother plays beautifully!" she said.

The sweet voice seemed to go straight to Grace's heart, and she thanked the beautiful speaker with a look.

Johnnie started off again; this time with the Braga Sonata. It is hackneyed, Heaven knows. Johnnie made new music of it.

Lord Seamount was beating time with his hand, and nodding boyish approval. Eva was listening with her "soul in her eyes," when, suddenly, Lord Seamount exclaimed, under his breath—

"Well, I'm dashed! Mother! He's come!"

Lady Seamount looked up at him with a smile.

"Who has come, dear?"

"Who? Why the last man you'd expect to see at a show of this kind. Good lord! Fancy Herrie at a tea party!"

"Herrie? Who is Herrie?" she asked, as she peered through her gold pince nez at the door.

Eva looked in the same direction, with a faint curiosity, to see the man whose appearance had so filled Lord Seamount with amazement, and, judging by his tone, with delight.

A tall man, with dark eyes, and a rather haggard and weary expression on a handsome face, had entered, and stood looking towards the blind violinist. All eyes seemed to have been drawn towards this new comer, who, however, appeared either really unconscious or too self-possessed and indifferent to resent the attention he had attracted, and who stood, quite at his ease, and, apparently, absorbed in the music.

"Who is Herrie!" said Lord Seamount, preparing to make his way towards the last arrival. "Why, Heriot Fayne, of course, mother."

Lady Seamount uttered a faint exclamation of alarm.

"Not Lord Fayne! Oh, Monty!" she whispered, anxiously, "what has brought him here? What—what will he do? Oh, I do hope he won't—won't——"

Lord Seamount looked at her with a touch of annoyance in his eyes.

"What are you thinking about, mother? What do you suppose he'll do? Stand on his head, or start a free fight?"

"I—I really don't know!" murmured Lady Seamount. "He is so—so——"

She turned to Eva, apologetically.

"He is the Lord Fayne, my dear," she said. "He is a friend of Monty's, and—and dreadfully wild; but, of course, you have heard about him. How pale you are!" she broke off, with a nervous laugh. "Have I frightened you? Oh, I hope not! It is so silly of me! Of course, he will behave himself here."

"I am not frightened, Lady Seamount," said Eva, smiling. And, indeed, it was not fear, but a sudden wonder, that had sent the blood from her face.

She was to see Heriot Fayne at last. The man she had pitied so much, notwithstanding his wild life.

To see him at last; but, surely, she had seen him before this! Where? Where?

And yet it was impossible that she could ever have met him before. Quite impossible!

CHAPTER XV.

LORD SEAMOUNT made his way through the crowded room to Heriot Fayne, and welcomed him warmly, and tried, like a well-bred young fellow, not to look surprised.

"This is awfully good of you, Herrie," he said, wringing his hand. "Awfully! My mater will be delighted!"

Heriot Fayne smiled.

"I'll go and pay my respects to Lady Seamount," he said, and by Monty's side he went to the countess.

Poor woman, she tried to receive him coldly. She knew nothing of that little lecture on temperance and the "higher life" which Heriot had read to her madcap son, be sure, and she gave him the tips of her fingers and an iced smile; but, as she looked at the handsome face, with its sad eyes, something in it, or the eyes, or the faint smile, half melancholy, half amused, which played about his clear-cut lips, touched and melted her, in spite of herself, and she found herself saying before she knew it, "I am very glad to see you, Lord Fayne. You are a good friend of my son's, I know."

"A great friend, Lady Seamount," he said. "I am afraid you scarcely think me a good one."

She colored.

"You do not often honor this kind of entertainment, do you?" she went on, rather confused by his frankness. "I—I mean that one does not often meet you."

He smiled again.

"No," he said, simply. "And I came tonight because I feel rather responsible for one of your entertainers. I mean the little blind fiddler; but, please, do not mention my name to him. He does not know it."

Lady Seamount felt rather bewildered. Lord Heriot Fayne in the character of a benevolent angel was rather startling.

"Oh, he plays beautifully!" she said; "and I am ever so much obliged to you for sending him. Will you have some tea? No! There are plenty of people here whom you know, I suppose?"

She did not know what to say to this notorious character, who looked so quiet, and yet so distinguished, in the regulation evening dress. Indeed, she found it difficult to realize that it was Lord Heriot Fayne himself.

"Oh, yes," he said, and with a slight inclination of his head, moved away.

Lady Seamount drew a long breath, and went back to the corner where Eva was sitting, quite hidden from Heriot Fayne.

"What an ordeal!" she exclaimed, with a nervous laugh. "Did you see him, my coat? It is most extraordinary, his coming here; or, indeed, into any decent drawing-room. And yet he looks and talks like—like anyone else; indeed, he is particularly well-mannered. What a thousand pities it is! Poor Lord Averleigh, how proud he would have been of him if he had only been steady, instead of an outcast and a disgrace. But," she went on, in a kind of stupor of surprise, as she looked at Lord Fayne seated so quietly, "one would never think him so bad, never guess it, to look at him! I don't suppose he will stay long."

As a matter of fact, Heriot was just thinking that he would go. He was asking himself why he had come. It was the first time for years that he had been in a "decent drawing room," and, as he looked round the room, at the half-bored faces, and listened to the vapid, languid talk, the old, fierce rebellion against civilization and all its forms and ceremonies was rising within him.

One or two men came up and spoke to him, but he gave them no encouragement, and, driven away by his curt responses to their efforts, they sheered off again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

POPULAR INSECTS.—The fashion of wearing live beetles is carried to a great extent in Brazil. A well-known resident has a beetle with a collar of gold, which meets at the top and is there ornamented with a diamond of great value. The insect has a cage surrounded by the plants among which it lives in its native state, and nothing is neglected to make it as comfortable as possible. But the most popular insect used for an ornament is a small phosphorescent beetle. These are often worn fastened in the hair.

TRAPPED BY ITS PORTRAIT.—If an old writer be true in his observations, the pheasant must be a very simple bird. For he declares that it puts its head in the ground and thinks that all its body is then hidden. This is just what our old friend the ostrich does in the African desert. The same author says that it was also captured by another curious plan. A picture of the bird was painted on cloth and then placed in a spot where it was sure of being seen. By-and-by a silly pheasant coming along catches sight of the portrait and goes up to have a close view of the new neighbor. While engaged inspecting the canvas, the fowler draws near from behind and throws his net over the unwary art-student.

WHEN THE WOLF IS BRAVE.—No one has ever had a good word to say on behalf of the wolf, and yet it is hardly the creature's fault that it is cruel and cowardly. It cannot help its nature. There are plenty of cases on record, however, which prove that when wolves travel in huge packs, they are capable of displaying a very fierce courage. It is related that a party of eighty Russians soldiers were moving, in the depth of winter, from one post to another, when, towards nightfall, a gigantic body of wolves swept across the line of march. Neither soldiers nor wolves would give way, whereupon the savage animals, as if with one accord, fell upon the poor men and rent the whole company in pieces.

THE WORKING MAN'S TOWN.—The working man's town is the name that is very appropriately given to St. Etienne, in France, for it seems quite three fourths of its 133,000 inhabitants derive their support from the mine, the gun factory, the foundry, and the loom. Of this large body of wage-earners by far the most intelligent are the weavers, numbering about 30,000. Of the 18,000 looms in St. Etienne, the greater number are owned by the individual weavers and worked by hand in their own homes. While it is apparent that the recent inventions for the transmission of power by electricity will shortly effect an alteration in the methods, it is not thought that it will change the location of the work to any appreciable extent.

EGGS.—The Persians and Romans exchanged eggs at New Year. The Egyptians made the egg a symbol of human renovation after the Deluge. The Ehsts still believe that "luck eggs" have little birds in them. The Franks under the Capet dynasty exchanged eggs at the vernal equinox. In Suffolk, eggs laid on Good Friday never become bad, and are a sure preventive of colic. In Germany, eggs laid on Good Friday can extinguish fire, especially if thrown in backward. The Romans made it a means of divination for ascertaining the sex of creatures still unborn. All Roman repasts were begun with eggs. Hence the expression of "ab ovo," now signifying the beginning. The Jews made an egg the type of their new life and departure from slavery in Egypt to the better Land of Promise. In Westphalia, eggs laid on Maundy Thursday produce birds that change color every year.

MAKING UP FOR FLODDEN.—Sir Walter Scott was once traveling in the North of England, when one of his servants fell suddenly ill. When the doctor came, Scott, to his surprise, recognized in him a Scottish blacksmith, who used also to treat sick animals, at Ashiestiel, on the Tweed, not far from Galashiels. "Are you not John Lundie?" was Sir Walter's first question. "Just a' that's left o' him, your honor," was the reply. "But you used to be a horse-doctor; now you are a man doctor," remarked Scott. "How are you getting on?" "Very wee. My practice is sure and orthodox, and I depend entirely upon twa simples." "Yes, and what are these?" asked Scott. "Oh, just laudanny [laudanum] and calamy [calomel]." "Simples with a vengeance! Do you never kill any of your patients, John?" "Kill! I answered the doctor. "Whiles they dee, and whiles no; but it's the will o' Providence. Onyhow, your honor, it will be lang before it makes up for Flodden."

GOOD-BY.

BY E. T.

Look into my eyes, my love, and say good-by—
Love is not love save it hath made us strong
To meet stern duties, that remorseless throng
For doing. Men may fall, but you and I
should be invincible to live, or die:
To wage firm battle against sin and wrong;
To wait—that's hardest, dear—however long,
For joys withheld, and God to answer why;
To banish yearning hope if it be vain;
To say good-by if we must parted be.
Had we but half loved, then we might complain
Parting were murdered possibility;
But loving, O, my love so perfectly,
We are beyond the touch of any pain.

ALTHEA'S TRIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE MAIDMENT'S BURDEN," "BENEFIT OF CLERGY," "THE VICAR'S AUNT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE voice was close to her; the tone, though low, quick and hard.

Althea Godfrey lifted her eyes sharply. In that one instant they, and with them her whole face, had changed. The defiance in her eyes asserted itself with intense hardness, and the downward set of the corners of her mouth was emphasized to aggressivsness.

"Well?" she said.

Dr. Meredith's expression was not much pleasanter than that of his assistant. A change had come over him also. His physical appeared was much improved. He was not nearly so haggard, nor so thin; and the "driven" sort of look had left his face entirely.

It was plain, in fact, that he was no longer overworked. But there was in his expression a sort of half-resigned, half-cynical toleration which was new to it, and seemed to influence every feature. And this, as he faced Althea, intensified until it was quite as aggressive as her own obstinacy.

The cause of the alteration in him was not far to seek. For the past four weeks had been to him the most difficult weeks he had experienced in all his life. In the first place he was now, at the end of them, quite as utterly unable to come to any conclusion regarding the crisis which had been their beginning, as he had been in that beginning itself.

That thinking-out of the subject which had been interrupted on the Sunday of Althea's final ultimatum to him, had never yet been carried through to any practical end. Over and over had he begun it again.

During long drives into the country, during lonely suppers and sleepless nights, he had approached the whole difficulty afresh, not once nor twice, but count less times.

Each time he began he had resolved that this struggle should be rewarded by some light on the matter. But each time, severally, he had failed to find any; and had, with a great and heavy despondency; relinquished the effort again.

Practically—and perhaps this was a sorer thorn in his side than even his perplexity—he had had to give in. He had been literally obliged, as Althea had prophesied, to let her assume the position of his assistant.

After her own definite public announcement of that position, and the assumption of its duties included in her attention to Mrs. Allen's child and her visit to Orchard Court, there was no choice for him but to acknowledge her as such. And having done so, he could not, naturally, refuse to let her work.

So, grudgingly and reluctantly enough, he had had to apportion her her share in his daily work, and to content himself in the leisure thus produced with chafing vainly and helplessly against the compulsion. To Althea herself he had attempted no further remonstrance whatever.

Indeed, his intercourse with her during the past four weeks had been as slight as it was possible to make it. If Althea believed that he had meant the words in which he had so angrily broken off their engagement on that Sunday, she had every ground for her belief.

His professional orders, expressed in the briefest of words, were the only conversation he bestowed upon her. If he saw her coming he would, if possible, avoid her; if he called at her door he would scarcely ever enter it, and if he passed her in the village during the day, it was with the greeting he would have bestowed on an acquaintance whom he desired to keep at the most careful arms' length.

His whole attitude to her was one of semi resigned, semi-cynical tolerance of an unavoidable ill; an attitude which naturally enough had left on his face the traces before alluded to.

Perhaps his feelings on the subject were enhanced a little by the fact that his assistant had become during these four weeks very popular in Mary Combe.

It had only needed a very few days to gain for Dr. Godfrey every one's good word. The slight, gray-clad figure had been greeted with appreciative smiles and nods, even on that first Sunday of all, when Dr. Meredith's assistant was met returning from Orchard Court.

The charm inherent in Althea Godfrey's gray eyes and attractive face had been felt at once by men and women alike. Of the two, the women—possibly through that affinity of sex of which they never dreamed—were the more susceptible to it. But the men were loud enough and genuine enough in their praise of "the young chap's straightforward way," which adjective conveyed the highest form of commendation known in Mary Combe.

Altogether, his assistant's presence in Mary Combe was now a well-established and much-appreciated fact, and there were few days on which unwelcome proofs of this failed to present themselves for Dr. Meredith's notice.

A small schoolchild danced up to Althea now as they stood there, and the smiling recognition with which it was dismissed lent an extra touch of acerbity to Dr. Meredith's tone as he said shortly:

"Where have you come from?"

"Mrs Wilson," was the short reply. "What do you want?"

His assistant spoke to Dr. Meredith in a voice that certainly did not err on the side of cordiality. It would have been difficult to realize that this was the same individual who had stood by Mrs. Wilson but ten minutes before.

"I've been to your rooms," he answered with apparently irrelevant terseness. "Can you go to Stoke Vere this afternoon? I'm sent for to Fern Morton."

"Stoke Vere?" repeated his assistant, carelessly enough. "Yes, I suppose I can What is it?"

As she spoke Althea Godfrey was playing with a little stick she carried; balancing it, with a sort of ostentatious indifference, first on the palm of one hand and then on the other.

"What is it?" she repeated, somewhat sharply, as Dr. Meredith did not at once reply.

"Miss Swinton," he said; "Rose Swinton."

Althea Godfrey was in the act of transferring the stick from one hand to the other. She paused, sharply and suddenly; the stick dropped from her hands and fell with a little clatter into the dusty road. She raised the gray eyes which had till now been fixed on the knots in the stick to Dr. Meredith's face. She scanned it with a quick, startled scrutiny—a scrutiny that she had never bestowed on it since her arrival in Mary Combe.

He was perfectly unconscious of the look, for he was staring over her shoulder, with an abstracted look in his eyes.

"Can you go at once?" he added, in a tone the sharpness of which had a slight ring of anxiety.

Althea Godfrey moved her eyes from his face as suddenly as she had raised them. Then she stooped and very deliberately picked up her stick; not raising her head again when she had done so, but keeping her eyes steadily fixed on the ground.

"Who is Miss Rose Swinton?" she said. She spoke slowly, and there was a tone in her voice which was strange to it. "I thought your only patient at Stoke Vere was an old clergyman!"

Dr. Meredith made an inarticulate sound of impatience.

"Old clergymen have been known to possess families," he said sarcastically. "This is his daughter, his only daughter. Now, can you go at once?" he added sharply. "Because if not, say so! I'll go myself. I fully intended to go myself until a quarter of an hour ago, when this Fern Morton message came. Plague it!"

The words were spoken in a tone of keen vexation and irritation.

Althea's hands clenched suddenly round her stick. There was unusual feeling of some sort in the gesture, and also in her voice as she said even more slowly than she had spoken before:

"Yes, I'll go at once. What is wrong?"

"I don't know, that's the worst of it. The note was absurdly indefinite. However, you'll see."

Althea made a movement of assent without lifting her face, which was still fixed on the ground.

"I'll send William with the cart to Johnson's for you at once, then," he added, and turned sharply away to carry out his words.

Althea meanwhile walked up the hill very rapidly, her face still bent on the ground.

Arrived at her own rooms she electrified Mrs. Johnson by refusing, with a brusqueness of manner the good woman had never before heard from her lodger, the afternoon tea which was standing waiting for her. On the daily preparation of this refreshment Althea had at her arrival insisted with energy.

The arrangement was difficult for Mrs. Johnson to grasp at first, and furthermore she had, as she said to Mrs. Green, "never knowed no gentleman so particular to his tea" as the young doctor. This fact made it the more difficult for her to grasp the circumstances now, and she decided slowly, as from the shop she watched Dr. Godfrey spring quickly into the dog cart, that something of grave moment indeed must have occurred.

The dog-cart was driven by William, Dr. Meredith's loquacious and invaluable man. This loquacity was apt to reach its flood when he drove "the young doctor." He had a certain awe of his master which somewhat stinted his flow of words.

But Dr. Godfrey was usually ready enough to listen to the monologue which constituted William's conversation, and the word or two which were all his listener was ever able to insert were construed by him into a gratifying encouragement.

This afternoon, sure of a sympathetic audience, he launched, in the first quarter of a mile, into one of his longest recitals. It lasted for some twenty minutes or so, and then a shock awaited William. He discovered that his usually ready listener had not been listening at all, as was proved by the wondering face turned to him when he ended with a question.

Dr. Godfrey apologized abstractedly for this, and William relapsed into a silent and injured surprise, which lasted until they turned into the garden of Stoke Vere Rectory. It was still brighter and more flowery now on this May afternoon than it had been when Dr. Meredith had ridden over to see Mr. Swinton four weeks before.

The neat, middle-aged servant who opened the door in answer to Dr. God frey's ring, hesitated a moment at the sight of a strange face.

"I am Dr. Meredith's assistant," Dr. Godfrey said briefly. With a glance at the cart and William the maid's hesitation vanished.

"This way, please, sir," she said, and Dr. Godfrey followed her half-way down the long passage through which Rose Swinton herself had preceded Dr. Meredith on that evening four weeks before, and then up a short flight of stairs to a landing with two doors. The nearer of these the maid opened, and with the announcement: "The doctor, if you please, Miss Rose," stood back to let the young doctor go in.

Althea Godfrey entered a small, cheerful looking room, with a modern imitation of an oak wainscot running round it for a dado. It was furnished conventionally enough, and chairs and tables alike were covered with the miscellaneous odds and ends of a girl's pursuits—racquets, music, work-things, seemed to spread themselves everywhere in untidy confusion. There was a large fire in the grate, warm May afternoon as it was, and in a basket-chair, drawn as close to the fire as possible, was Rose Swinton, with a shawl over her shoulders.

She was wearing a cotton dress which, though tumbled, was quite as smartly made as the blue serge in which she had received Dr. Meredith, and her pretty brown hair showed signs of having been very recently twisted afresh into its elaborate coils and curls. Her face was flushed with a very bright color, and her blue eyes shone with a feverish light.

With the very first movement of the door she had hastily raised herself from a crouching position, and turned her face towards it. Her eyes were therefore full on Dr. Godfrey at her entrance.

A flush of amazed incomprehension shot into them; Althea saw that. And she saw something more; something more was very visible in Rose Swinton's eyes, and that something was keen disappointment.

"I don't understand," she said hesitatingly and almost curtly. "Is Dr. Meredith away?"

"I am Dr. Meredith's assistant, and I have come in his place."

Althea Godfrey spoke with a chilling precision which seemed to create then and there an atmosphere of antagonism between herself and the girl before her. But Rose Swinton seemed not to be aware of it. She stared steadily at Dr. Meredith's assistant, which occupation aborbed her for several seconds.

"Won't you sit down?" she said suddenly. "Take that chair."

"That chair" was a chair opposite to Rose Swinton, on the other side of the hearthrug. Althea obeyed mechanically, and a moment later the doctor and patient were face to face.

Althea Godfrey told herself that it was her professional duty to check off one by one, the details of Rose Swinton's appearance.

Rose Swinton, meanwhile, seemed to find her curiosity heightened by proximity, and calmly concluded her survey of the young doctor.

Complete as the process was in each case, it was, however, only momentary. Scarcely three seconds had really elapsed before Rose Swinton spoke.

"Is Dr. Meredith so very busy, then?" she said.

She had not known that the disappointment had been visible in her eyes. Still less did she know that her voice was instinct with it, in too strong a measure to et it be mistaken for a moment by the other for the petulance of ill-health.

Althea's professional inspection had left traces on her face. Her expression had become very set, and that antagonism seemed to pervade every feature. Her voice was even more chillingly measured than before as she said with apparently unnecessary emphasis:

"Very busy? Oh, no, not specially so."

"Oh!"

The interjection contained a variety of emotions, in which, perhaps, a decidedly mortified vanity was the strongest. Althea scrutinized her patient calmly and mercilessly with a covert gleam in her eyes, while Rose Swinton dragged her thick shawl more closely round her with an irritated gesture.

The movement, slight as it was, served to awake in Althea her professional instincts.

"Miss Swinton," she said coldly and firmly, "I think we had better come to the point. May I ask you to tell me what is wrong with you?"

The curt professional tone was not without effect on Rose Swinton. She pulled herself languidly up in her chair, and looked at the young doctor with a half-concealed deference.

"I'm sure I can't think," she began in an aggrieved tone. "It was father who wrote to Dr. Meredith. He's out now," added Mr. Swinton's daughter parenthetically. "I've caught a cold, I think."

"Can you account for it in any way?"

"No. Unless it was Thursday afternoon."

"You were out in the rain?"

"I had some people to tennis; it pelted—you know how it pelted on Thursday; and Bob Wallis—do you know the Wallises? They are at Ringways—Bob Wallis is rather a good sort."

"No."

The monosyllable was very curt and clear.

"Well, he proposed that we should play just the same, for a lark, you know; and it really was a most awful lark. We were drenched."

"Ah!" Althea's eyebrows were raised sharply as she spoke, and her gray eyes beneath them were full of sarcasm. "I only hope, Miss Swinton, that the enjoyment you derived at the time may prove a compensation to you, for I do not think you will find the result give you much pleasure."

Althea's curt tone grew even more curt as she put to her patient a few searching technical questions.

"Can't you do anything?" said the girl fretfully, when the questions were ended. "It's simply hateful to feel so seedy. I'm never seedy. And I must be all right tomorrow; I'm going over to the Wallis' to lunch for a return match, and father wants me to take the choir practice in the evening, too."

"You will not think of going out until I give you leave. I will send you something directly I get back. And Dr. Meredith or I will see you to morrow."

Althea made a movement as if she meant to rise from her chair; but Rose Swinton, who had been looking sullenly into the fire during the curtly-expressed commands, turned her head sharply at the mention of Dr. Meredith's name, and Althea, scarcely knowing exactly why she did so, established herself again in it.

"You said Dr. Meredith was not very busy just now?"

"I did."

The answer was not an encouragement to pursue the subject, but Rose Swinton apparently ignored that circumstance.

"He has you to help him," she remarked.

"How long have you been here, Dr. —— I did not catch your name?" she added indifferently.

"My name is Godfrey."

Althea had grown accustomed in the past four weeks to this half statement, and had made it quite calmly innumerable times. But at this moment she spoke the short syllables with an intense aggressiveness.

"I have been in Mary Combe four weeks," she added.

"Have you?" Rose Swinton's tone was dry. She could not have explained the burning desire she suddenly felt to be disagreeable to Dr. Meredith's assistant. She "hated him" she said to herself. "A perfectly hateful young man" was the designation she had given Althea in her own mind.

"I wonder I have not heard Dr. Meredith speak of you," she continued.

"Have you seen Dr. Meredith since my arrival, then?"

The question was very blandly asked; and the snappish tone of Rose Swinton's "No, I have not," was oddly incongruous.

There was a moment's pause, and the two pair of eyes stared into the glowing fire.

They formed, indeed, a curious contrast, as did the faces to which they belonged.

In Althea Godfrey's, every feature was set and fixed. In Rose Swinton's waves of angry, uncontrolled irritation swept visibly over the mobile girlish face.

"You're a friend of Dr. Meredith's, I suppose?"

"Have you anyone to look after you?"

The two questions broke the pause simultaneously. A significant testimony as to which was the stronger of the two individualities was given by the fact that Rose Swinton, after a moment's hesitation, did not repeat her decidedly inquisitive question, but answered the other with a certain sullen meekness.

"To take care of me!" she said. "Yes of course, Emily looks after me. She showed you in. She has been here since I was a child. Didn't you know that I am alone here with father?" she added, in an aggrieved tone which arose from the reflection that she had certainly not been much discussed with the young doctor. "But I don't want taking care of!" she said angrily. "I tell you I shall be all right to-morrow!"

"That remains to be seen," said Althea composedly, rising meanwhile decidedly from her chair. "Good afternoon," she continued, with cold suavity.

* * * * * * *

Althea returned to the surgery. There her pose and face both changed. The former grew suddenly very rigid, like that of a person who is prepared to meet a strain of some sort. The latter which had been slightly flushed when she came up to the door, became very pale.

But an instant later, in odd contrast to the pallor, a great wave of em tion rose on it, and infused into every feature a strong sentient passion of some sort. Under this influence her sombre gray eyes burned brilliantly, and her set mouth changed into curves which she kept in control with evident difficulty, while her hand clenched and unclenched itself almost nervously.

Five minutes passed; at the expiration of that time, the door from the surgery into the sitting room was opened with a quick click, and Dr. Meredith himself emerged from it.

"Well?" he said.

Althea, who was hidden from his sight by the other door, took two steps forward into the room, shut the door behind her, and turned sharply to him. At his voice all the new emotion in her face had intensified suddenly, and yet her pose, as she stood facing him, with one hand resting on the table, was curiously fixed and rigid.

He scanned her for a minute with apparently careless interest.

"You've come back from Stoke Vere, of course!" he exclaimed. "What about Rose Swinton?"

Althea did not answer immediately. She suddenly pulled out a chair and sat down on it rather heavily. Dr. Meredith did not seem to notice the movement, but her pause he did notice.

"Well!" he said almost sharply. "What's wrong? What did you think of her. Is it anything serious?"

Althea lifted her face; since she sat down she had been staring steadily at the shining blackleaf of the grate, which was just opposite to her. Her eyes were like two great burning stars in her pale face.

"It will be, I imagine," she said, in a short, icy tone. "Miss Rose Swinton appears to court illness; she has carefully, now, taken every precaution to ensure an attack of pleurisy; and a sharp attack too, if I'm not mistaken," she added emphatically.

"Pleurisy!" Dr. Meredith's tone was expressive of horror. "And there isn't a shred of constitution about her, for all her outward show of health! What makes you come to that conclusion, Thea, pray? What are the symptoms you are going upon?"

Althea gave him, in the stoniest and most stolid business-like tone, the technical details of the case.

"Ah!" he said, when he had heard her through, which did not take long, for her account was as short as it could be made, consistently with coherence; "I'll send over at once, of course, with what you have ordered; and to-morrow we had better, one of us, go to Stoke Vere the first thing after breakfast."

Quite suddenly, and with a very hasty gesture, Althea rose from her chair and pushed it aside.

"There is no need to say 'one of us,'" she said, in the same icy tone in which she had spoken throughout. "You will have the goodness to go to Stoke Vere yourself, as early as you wish—before daylight if you like"; she broke off with a short laugh. "But it is you and not I who go, please. I came here on purpose to say this to you; to tell you that I entirely decline to attend Miss Swinton after to day. You will please consider yourself wholly and solely responsible for the case."

She laid her hand heavily on the top rail of her chair as she ended. Dr. Meredith stood looking at her with wonder in his eyes.

"I don't see why you should be so anxious to impress this on me," he said, in a dull, bewildered voice. "There really is no need for this vehemence. I will, of course, take the case. In fact, I had no thought of doing otherwise. I only asked you to go this afternoon because it was absolutely impossible for me to go myself. I should have preferred to go, and quite intended to have done so. I thought I made that plain to you this afternoon."

In his surprise at her manner, he was speaking with a forcibleness that was a trifle measured, and Althea broke sharply in on his last words with another short laugh that was both dry and harsh.

"Perfectly so! Thank you!" she said. "Perfectly plain, you made it! You need not trouble to explain any further. I quite understand, I assure you! You also understand, I think."

Before Dr. Meredith had had time to answer, Althea turned and walked rapidly out of the room without another word or look.

Dr. Meredith stood fixed to the spot where she had left him for some three minutes. There he flung himself into the chair she had sat in, and decided with a sigh that was rather more like a groan, that "Thea's idiotic behavior was going to turn her brain now."

He might well groan, poor man! If any one knowing the circumstances had asked him what he meant to do, how he meant to break up this untenable situation, he would have confessed his utter inability to answer. He would have said that there was nothing to be done; he might possibly have expressed his utterly hopeless longing for some "deus ex machina" to do what he could not hope to do.

He little dreamed that had he only known how to listen he might this very day have heard in the far distance the chariot wheels of that same rescuing and approaching deity. But being a mortal only, and a man only, which is to be doubly a mortal as far as the limits of intuition are concerned, he neither listened nor heard.

His simply rose from his chair with a strong word or two, and rang the bell in a manner which threatened to pull it down, and brought Mrs. French in, panting for breath, to enquire the reason, and thereupon to explain, in a somewhat quivering manner, that the dinner was, as yet, "nothink like ready, sir."

Althea Godfrey meanwhile had walked rapidly through Dr. Meredith's garden, and even more rapidly up the Mary Combe street to her rooms. Not one pause did she make; not one look did she give on one side or the other; it was apparently simply from the constraining force of habit that she lifted her head to return the cordial greetings tendered to her by the few people she met; on she went unhesitating, until she reached the Johnsons' house. Mrs. Johnson dispensed with the necessity of giving her lodger a latch key by a very simple process. She left the door always, as she had explained very early in the proceedings, "on the jar; so as you can go in and out as you wish, sir."

It was "on the jar" now; rather widely so, as if waiting for Althea's return. She entered therefore without touching it, and in the like silence entered her own room, the door of which was also slightly open. She pulled it together behind her, but apparently she did not realize the fact that she had not closed it; indeed, she seemed to realize absolutely nothing as she crossed the little room and flung herself heavily into an arm chair in the corner farthest from the window.

Exactly opposite to her own door, on the other side of the very narrow passage, was another door, and this last was the entrance to Mrs. Johnson's "best room."

This was scarcely worthy of its imposing name, for it was in reality nothing but a strip cut off from the shop, with a rather small back window looking out on what Mrs. Johnson considered a very dull prospect compared to that of the Mary Combe street; namely, that of her neat and flowery little bit of back garden.

But when circumstances in the form of uncertain trade, and many small representatives of the house of Johnson, had induced Mrs. Johnson to devote her best downstairs room to lodgers, she had decided, and so put the case before her husband that he also had decided, that she must appropriate this slip of a room for her own ends.

She could not, she said trenchantly, "do with nothing but the kitchen for best." Whereupon Mr. Johnson, being a thoroughly accommodating person, had removed thence several odds and ends of his stock in trade, which was characterized by his wife as "lumber," and she had forthwith, having duly prepared it by many days of cleaning, placed therein that selection of smart chairs, antimacassars, and China ornaments, which were either too good for, or superfluous in the lodger's room, and had consecrated the sanctum thus made to the very highest of high days. Such an era had occurred on this very afternoon, and in this wise.

Mrs. Green had for two days an individual staying in her house who was vaguely described by Mary Combe as "company from London."

As a matter of fact, the mysterious entity was Mr. Green's niece, a parlormaid in respectable service in Kensington, who came to Mary Combe about once in every two years for her holiday. As several of these occasions had taken place within comparatively recent memory, it might have been expected that Jane Chase's arrival would have worn out its attendant excitement.

But such was by no means the case. The halo caused to shine around the worthy, young woman by the words "from London" never lessened; and during her stay she was, to the feminine population of Mary Combe, and to some of the sterner sex also, a much respected oracle, whom every one strove at once to consult and to honor.

Mrs. Johnson, as became Mrs. Green's "own cousin," took a prominent part in the last duty; and on this occasion had indeed gone so far as to give an invitation to the aunt and niece "to drink a cup of tea" at least a week before the latter had arrived. It had been duly accepted, and finally arranged to take place that very evening.

The cup of tea had now been partaken of some two hours earlier, and the trio in Mrs. Johnson's best room were at present solacing their souls with social intercourse. In the heat of conversation, tea, and the weather, the little "best room" had become very oppressively hot, and Mrs. Johnson, who was sitting near the door, had pushed it for the sake of coolness, slightly open.

Just before Althea's silent entrance into her own room, a sort of crisis had arrived in the conversation. Jane Chase, an alert, thin young woman of twenty-nine or thirty, with a good carriage, had discoursed to her two open-mouthed listeners of all the subjects her well-stored brain contained.

She had lavished on them much authentic information, gathered by her from a society paper in the waste paper basket of her mistress' drawing room, concerning the private sentiments of the Royal Family about each other's actions; she had given a sketchy but terrifying outline of current radical politics, as imparted to her through the medium of the sarcastic dinner table conversation of a Conservative master, and she had held forth long and learnedly on the "very latest thing" in fashionable dress, kindly exemplifying the same by standing up, that her hearers might see on her own person this pink of modern perfection in attire.

And on this climax had fallen a pause—a pause during which Mrs. Green sat in proud enjoyment of her niece's powers as an entertainer, while Mrs. Johnson fidgeted on her chair, most anxious, both for the sake of self-respect and repayment, to find some topic of interest belonging to Mary Combe.

Suddenly something seemed to strike her, and she said abruptly:

"You know I told you, Miss Chase, when we was havin' our tea, of our new lodger?"

Jane Chase gave a polite acquiescence.

"I told you," continued Mrs. Johnson, "that he was a 'sistant, but I don't think I said anything about our new doctor as he's 'sistant to."

"No?" said Miss Chase, endeavoring to infuse into her voice some of the graceful interest she had observed in her mistress' use of that monosyllable to callers. "No, you didn't, Mrs. Johnson."

Mrs. Johnson's eyes brightened. Here at least was a fresh topic. Then they darkened as quickly.

"Very like your aunt has told you all there is to say," she remarked dejectedly.

"That I've not!" said Mrs. Green energetically. "I ain't told Jane nothing! I don't never seem to think of nothing when she's here."

"Well, he's new since you was last in Mary Combe, Miss Chase; quite new our doctor is!" The possibilities of her subject were rapidly unfolding themselves to Mrs. Johnson's mind, and she was growing volubly enthusiastic. "You remember old Dr. Garraway?" she went on, in the tone of one who wishes to heighten her hearer's interest by ample detail; "you remember him, Miss Chase? He as might have let people die before he'd get to their houses, so slow he was, with his years, and nearly poisoned John Rowe with givin' him the wrong medicine 'long of being half asleep at the time. That was last time you was here, or just before?"

"Just before," said Miss Chase politely.

"Well, he died about a year ago; and it was a good thing for the parish he did. And it's about nine months now since our new doctor come; Dr. Meredith, his name is."

Mrs. Johnson's voice was of a penetrating tone, and as she spoke the last sentence she unconsciously raised it. The words floated distinctly across the passage into Althea's room.

Althea sat up in her chair half abstractedly, apparently roused by the name from whatever she had been dwelling on in her dark, lonely corner, and brushed her short hair impatiently from her forehead, as if she were trying to realize exactly what it was that had roused her.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Johnson; "and a real new doctor he is; as different from the old one as light from darkness, and as pleasant when you send for him! But there, Mrs. Green, you can speak to that. You've seen more o' Dr. Meredith in illness nor me."

The rheumatic attack to which Mrs. Green had alluded in that memorable conversation with Mrs. Allen terminated by Thomas Benjamin's choking and Dr. Godfrey's appearance, was, so to speak, a standing dish in the feast of mental research which her conversation laid before her friends, and it needed only the slightest of invitations to make it press it on their attention.

At the welcome opening thus provided she grasped instantly, and for the next ten minutes the other two were entertained with a recital by no means succinct of how the attack had come on, developed, and decreased, together with Mrs. Green's conversation with Dr. Meredith on each of his visits in each stage of her sufferings.

Mrs. Johnson and Miss Chase listened with faces each in their way expressive of politely concealed longing for the end; and as soon as her friend, by the means of a breathless sigh, gave an intimation that the harrowing and instructive account was closed, Mrs. Johnson took up the word again.

"He's as nice as he can be, in illness or out of it," she said sententiously. "There's only one thing he wants, to my mind."

"And what is that?" asked Miss Chase.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE merchants of Monett, Mo., have adopted a novel scheme for collecting accounts of long standing. Several of the prettiest girls in that section have been hired as collectors. The girls and the scheme are said to be meeting with remarkable success.

IN AN ORCHARD.

BY E. M. G.

Over me the grave winds go,
Voyaging beneath the noon;
Through the orchard's gloom and glow
Strays the echo of a tune;
Tune in whose few notes are set
Old desire and new regret.

Here are apples gold and red,
Mellowed by the patient sun;
Round about and overhead
Light and shadow deftly run;
Leaves make murmur, grass is deep,
All the orchard breathes of sleep.

Over me the grave winds go,
Voyaging beneath the noon;
Through the orchard's gloom and glow
Strays the echo of a tune;
Tune in whose few notes are set
New desire and old regret.

A Girl of To-Day.

BY H. E. H.

THE Variety was full from crowded floor to painted ceiling. The smart set were in possession of the stalls, for anybody who considered himself to be "somebody" could not consent to be absent when Val Deloraine was to take the leading part in Cosmero's new play. Expectation, for once, failed to meet with disappointment, for the actor possessed all the gifts that win admiration from bright eyes, and from the sterner judgment of dramatic critics.

There was a rapture of applause at the end of the first act. Again and again Deloraine was called before the curtain. He was a model of physical beauty, with well-knit limbs and sharply-cut features. There was a suggestion of hidden power in his carefully-restrained gestures, combined with perfect grace, and as he bowed his acknowledgments, with the whole house as it were lying at his feet, he looked as proud as any adventurer who has climbed unexpectedly to the top of the tree.

"Magnificent!" whispered Lady Theo breathlessly, in a fever of admiration. "I positively must know the man. He is too utterly delicious."

"Get your brother to introduce him," Blanche Carteret said in the blasee tone of a girl who has been through three seasons. She never excited herself about anything, and was as lymphatic as a stranded jelly-fish—this she considered the super essence of refinement.

"My brother! I might just as well ask a bobby to put me up to picking pockets."

"Wait till you meet him somewhere."

"Not I," scornfully; "he has given me a new sensation. I'm quite mad about him. I must see him to-morrow."

"Much better not. Wait."

"You absurdity! What would be the good of waiting till I didn't care?"

"Your impulses never last."

"That perhaps is providential, but whilst they last I like to give them free play."

"Isn't that rather risky?" languidly.

Lady Theo laughed in a whisper.

"They break the prose of life with flashes of excitement. I couldn't live without them."

"I like prose; it's a level road, so nice and easy to walk on."

"You are nothing but a mummy. No nerves, no feelings, no emotions, no passions; whilst I—I'm quivering to my finger tips, brimful of them all. Hush, he is coming!" in an awed tone, as if a celestial being were in the act of dropping through the blue muslin skies of the scenery.

Lady Theo always acted on her impulses, as a perfect saint follows out the dictates of his conscience. Before she went to bed, she wrote a note in her peculiarly erratic hand on a terra-cotta sheet of rough paper.

"12, Berkeley Square.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your acting carried me out of myself. I should like to know if your personality would have the same effect on me. I shall be at home to-morrow at half-past four.

"Yours,

"THEODORA MOUNTFORREST."

Curiosity and a cab brought Val Deloraine to Berkeley Square at a quarter to five. He expected to see a loud and dashing specimen of the "new woman," who would welcome him cigarette in hand, and clothed in semi-masculine atrocities. What he found was a small graceful girl, with a lovely delicate face, dressed with exquisite taste in two shades of heliotrope velvet.

He had come to be amused and revolted, he stayed to be charmed and wonderfully interested. He was a man of good position, who had only taken to the stage because he knew that he could act—a most unusual reason, if we can believe dramatic agents. As an actor he had been thrown amongst women of all sorts, and he thought that he knew them down to the ground. In this he was mistaken, although his mistakes were rare. How could a girl who looked everything that a girl ought to send him a note like the one in his pocket?

He puzzled over this for a time, but he forgot it as an hour passed away. Her voice was delightful, soft as a dove's; her laugh low, but infectious in its almost childish hilarity, and her gray eyes produced a distinct impression every time she lifted her long lashes and looked in his direction. He told himself that he wished to study her psychologically; and that was the reason why he asked permission to call again, after he had spent an hour in the rose satin boudoir, although he had only five minutes to spare when he came in.

"If you want to find me alone, come on Thursday," she said sweetly. "That is the day that I reserve for my particular friends."

There was some audacity in the girl certainly, and he felt emboldened to say, "But I don't want to find a heap of other fellows here."

She laughed a little. "Don't be afraid. I take my friends like pills—one at once. Besides, I want to study you."

Just what he wanted to do by her. It promised to be capital sport studying each other, and he went away hugely delighted.

Lady Theo nodded at her own reflection in a Venetian mirror. She considered that her impulse had landed her in a good thing—a weekly tete-a-tete with the man whom all London was raving about. It was infinitely better than the last one, which made her jump out of her brougham and plunge into the midst of a mob in Hyde Park, just to see what "demonstrating" felt like close to it.

A policeman had to rescue her, half-crushed and wholly disgusted, with bad tobacco puffed into her eyes, sharp elbows dug into her sides, and jeering remarks poured into her shrinking ears. Panting and furious, she was dragged out by that careful constable, who conducted her with fatherly kindness to the carriage waiting at the rails, and scolded her severely on the way.

"I wanted to see what a demonstration was like," she said meekly.

"Well enough from a winder, but mighty unpleasant at close quarters," he assured her from the depths of his own experience. "Don't you ever come near one again." And the advice was so good that she took it.

She had an impulse once to go out in the middle of the night to see if there were any casuals lying about in the parks or Trafalgar Square, as depicted in the illustrated papers; but by the time she reached the first lamp-post at the corner of Parliament Street, her walk had been so casually interrupted that she fled home in a belated crawler, with hot cheeks and fluttering pulses. She kept silence about this adventure—that is to say, she only mentioned it to one or two she-friends, and to no males.

On another occasion she saw a number of people disappearing through the door of a grave-looking edifice near the Edgeware Road, and, moved by curiosity, she stopped the carriage, sprang out, and followed in with the last comers. She heard a monotonous voice reading out in rather a nasal twang, so, concluding that a service had begun, she flopped down on her knees in a hurry and crossed herself, according to her usual practice. The next moment, a rough hand grasped her by the shoulder and forcibly induced her to rise. A harsh voice said in a fierce whisper:

"You've only come here to insult us. Go out."

"Tell me where I am?" she asked, for her curiosity was unquenchable.

He told her where she had been, for he hurried her along at such a rate that his answer was given on the outside steps: "In a Jewish synagogue." The angry contempt in his eyes made her shrink into herself; but she laughed aloud when she was safe in her brougham.

"He looked as scared as if I had made a long nose at him," she said to herself with a chuckle.

Another time, an impulse carried her into a frank confession of a folly to her brother; but the Hon. Jack Mountforest made it so unpleasant for her on that occasion that she never adopted the same line again.

Her last impulse was bearing such pleasant fruit that she was in quite a blatant state of self-satisfaction for several weeks. But after a while a cloud came. The "dailies" all contained a paragraph on the approaching departure of Val Deloraine for New York with the rest of Mr. Grimsby's company. It was strange that he had kept this news a secret from her, and she meant to give him a good scolding on the first opportunity. The next Thursday she began as soon as he was seated.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were going to America?" she asked, with a sidelong glance from under her heavy lashes.

"Am I going?" he said slowly. "You haven't told me yet."

What did he mean? A delicious thrill ran through every nerve—the sensation was perfectly delightful.

"If you are tired of London and of your friends——" she began tentatively.

"You know that I am not," eagerly, his face lighting up as if he were throwing heart and soul into his part.

She was rather frightened at the pace they were going, and caught her breath, as she played with a bunch of violets.

"You are too ambitious. You want your fame to reach to the other side of the Atlantic," reproachfully.

"A fig for any actor's fame! It's less than nothing to me," still with his glowing eyes fixed on her small face, watching every variation of expression.

"Then it's money," in a tone of pretended contempt.

"Money can neither hold me nor send me off," stooping to pick up the violets which she had dropped.

"Then you are unlike every one else," with a little laugh. "I adore money because it gives me everything I want."

"Can it give you friends?" feeling chilled and once more critical.

"Scores of them."

"Happiness?"

"Yes, for it makes life too utterly delicious."

"Health?"

"It can't give me what I have, but it can help me to keep it," glorying in the perfection of her own organization.

Her supreme selfishness disgusted him. Val Deloraine was well known for his widespread generosity. Money came to him in a magnificent salary, but he spent it royally, and those who swelled the ranks of the "failures" had reason to bless his success.

Lady Theo had no altruistic proclivities. She was a lovely little egotist, supremely content with her surroundings, asking nothing of this fin de siecle period but a continuation of all the good things which life had already given her. Had she a heart anywhere under that network of gold embroidery? He doubted it, and yet stayed on, without the resolution to tear himself away. He knew that Grimsby, his manager, was tearing his hair, that his name was being execrated in every form of opprobrious language by those who were waiting for him, but he stayed till the clock struck the hour and smote his conscience. Then he stood up and held out his hand. She put hers into it, and his fingers closed tightly upon it.

"You are in a great hurry."

"Hurry?" he repeated as he laughed. "The rehearsal will be more than half over. I must be off, or Grimsby will hang himself."

"You won't go to America?" she said, with a sudden glance straight up into his handsome, puzzled face.

"But I thought you advised it," feeling the effect of her gray eyes in the furthest corner of his heart.

"For your own advantage, not mine."

"I care more about yours than my own." He knew that he was a fool, as his heart throbbed like a schoolboy's.

"That is so dear of you," with the softest smile. "Then of course you will stay."

He said nothing, but kissed her tiny hand and departed. In the hansom he pulled himself together and called himself an infernal idiot; but the epithet proceeding from his own lips had no effect. Actors and actresses were in the worst of tempers, but he smoothed the women down after a fashion of his own, and the men he ignored.

All the week his much-tried manager was worrying to get a decided answer as to the American tour, but without success. He told Deloraine that he was only fit for Bedlam if he refused to go, and Val knew that there was some truth amongst the exaggerations of his remonstrance. On the one side was New York with his name, and ready to heap any amount of dollars and adulations on his head; on the other, a small aristocrat to whom he was a weekly amusement, nothing more. No man with one grain of common-sense could hesitate between the two, and he told himself so with quite brutal frankness; and yet the next Thursday found him in Lady Theo's boudoir at an earlier hour than usual, for he had promised Grimsby to give him his final answer before five o'clock.

As he looked round upon the flowers, the Louis Quinze lounges, the walls draped with rose satin, he felt the room was a very appropriate setting for a modern vaudeville. There were the folding-doors, too, through which the heroine ought presently to trip. One half was already ajar, and he heard a movement as of some one moving rapidly about—the frou-frou of a silken skirt, and then the decided quick step of a man.

"That fellow Deloraine coming here again?" It was Jack Mountforest's voice, which Val recognized at once.

"Of course; it is Thursday," said Lady Theo cheerfully.

"You will be landing yourself in a hole before long," in a grumbling tone, "unless you mean business."

"My dear boy, he's only an actor," loftily.

"All the girls in London are gone on him," gruffly.

Val Deloraine waited to hear no more. He crept like a shoeless burglar out of the room, down the broad staircase and across the hall, where by good luck he met no one. When he reached the pavement, he drew a deep breath and uttered a thanksgiving in the tone of a curse.

"She will never guess what a fool I've been," he said to himself with a grim smile. "It would be the primest joke for her if she only knew."

Grimsby was made jubilant by the news that he would not have to sail for New York without his own particular "star," but Lady Theo looked the reverse of hilarious when she received a note on a silver salver instead of Val Deloraine with a bunch of violets in his hand. She thought it a very poor exchange. The note was short and to the point, so pointed in fact that it seemed to prick her.

"Raleigh Club.

"DEAR LADY THEO,

"Our comedy is played out, and the zest of novelty is gone. The most experienced actress could not have played your part with a more charming semblance of reality; and my only regret is that you have not been annexed by Grimsby to be the brightest star of his company. We sail for New York in the 'Oceania' on the 12th.

"Your 'Thursday friend,'

"VAL DELORAINE (of the Variety)."

She stamped her foot and tore the thick note-paper into shreds. "What does he mean by it? I never told him to go. He ought to have waited. Oh, to be deserted like an ordinary girl!" And she began to sob.

"Hullo, what's up? And where's the fascinating Val?" exclaimed Jack Mountforest, as he looked in surprise round the room.

Lady Theo sprang to her feet.

"Jack—I want to marry somebody at once," she cried, with the tears undried on her flushed cheeks. "I'm in the wildest hurry. The trousseau must be ready; the lawyer's business all over and done with by the 11th of next month."

"But who's the bridegroom?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye, for he was quite accustomed to his sister's vagaries.

"Oh, that's a detail. There are crowds of men; I must choose one of them tonight."

"Awkward if he doesn't pop."

"But he will," drawing up her neck with a proud consciousness of her own perfections. "I'd back myself to make any man propose in a quarter-of-an-hour."

"Humph! But why this hurry?"

"Hurry you call it, when I've waited till I'm nineteen and a half! And, dear old boy"—her tone most coaxing—"I should like it to be in all the papers tomorrow."

Jack gave a gasp.

"Great Scott! And the name of the bridegroom a blank!"

"I forgot that. It wouldn't have been a bad idea to keep one always handy," she cried reflectively.

"To jump at when the matrimonial impulse was upon you? By George, you are a rum 'un!" he ejaculated with conviction, and half London agreed with him.

Then he added more seriously:

"This Wanderjahr business is all rot, and the sooner you get back again under the mother's wing the better."

USES OF PAPER.

In Bergen there is a church built entirely of paper. It has been rendered waterproof by a solution of quicklime and other ingredients, and will seat a thousand people in comfort.

The papier-mache dome of the new Observatory building at Greenwich is the largest application of this material for roofing purposes which has yet been made in any country. The whole roof, including the steel framework, weighs over twenty tons, and in any other material would have weighed much more. The necessary lightness for a purpose such as this, where the whole roof has to be capable of being revolved by mechanical means under the direct control of the observer, and by the expenditure of the smallest possible amount of energy on his part, has not been attained by the sacrifice of any strength.

A Breslau manufacturer has even built a factory chimney, fifty feet high, of blocks or bricks made of compressed paper pulp, joined together with silicious cement.

It is thus evident that there is no serious obstacle, in a constructive sense, to the extended use of paper for house construction, and as a building material it possesses numerous advantages. The properly prepared compressed paper boards are not nearly so inflammable as wood, and by chemical means they can be entered absolutely fireproof, or the pulp of which they are formed may in the first instance be made of incombustible substances, such as asbestos.

Paper is likewise waterproof, or can be made so very readily by saturation with asphalt, or in many other ways. It is a resonator, and consequently well adapted to prevent the passage of sound, and more especially is it a bad conductor of heat, while it is less affected by changes of temperature than any other commonly used building material.

An outline of one process for preparing paper pulp for the manufacture of building material will suffice to show the curiously heterogeneous mixture from which wonderfully strong, light, and durable building stuff is produced. Any ordinary stock used for paper-making may be employed, and during the course of i s manipulation there is added to the pulp a solution consisting of one part of starch, one part of gum-arabic, one part of bichromate of potash, and three parts of benzine, to forty-four parts of pulp.

The paper made from this combination is coated with a cement made of linseed oil and glue, and is then kept under heat and pressure for a week, so that the boards may become thoroughly cured and seasoned. The secondary ingredients and their proportions may be varied according to the precise nature of the finished product desired and the application intended to be made of it, and it is within the bounds of possibility that the time may come when not only the outer walls of houses but all their internal fittings and constructive decorations—doors and window frames, mantelpieces, ceilings, and so on—will be made of paper, replacing wood to a great extent, and advantageously in many respects—notably in the entire absence of warping or shrinking from heat, and cold, and damp.

For decorative purposes a material known as "carton pierre," or stone paper, is largely used where strength and toughness are desired. Its preparation and manipulation are so simple as to be within the reach of the amateur decorator, as it is made from paper cuttings boiled with glue, flour, plaster of Paris, and whiting, and then moulded into any desired shape.

There is nothing to prevent paper, prepared as indicated, from being manufactured into furniture and household articles of every description. Black walnut picture-frames are made of it, and are so colored as to be indistinguishable from the genuine wood.

In Paris there has been exhibited a piano, of which the entire case was made of compressed paper, the hard surface of which exhibited a brilliant cream-white polish, richly ornamented with arabesques and floral designs, and painted with a miniature medallion. A well-known industrial journal recently gave its readers full instructions for the building of organs, all the pipes of which could be made of paper if so desired

The Berlin fire department recently received a remarkable addition to its equipment in the form of a fire-engine, the carriage of which is entirely built of paper. Body, wheels, poles, and all the rest are beautifully finished, and while in every respect equal to wood, the weight is considerably less—a point of much importance in such a construction, securing greater promptness in reaching the seat of a fire.

In France beakers and laboratory vessels, capable of notwithstanding acids, are now made of paper—the pulp from which are produced containing eighty-five per cent. of wood and fifteen per cent. of rags. After being dried, the newly-moulded vessels are put in a closed cylinder in connection with an air pump, by means of which the air is drawn out of the pores, which are then filled by a varnish of resins, ether, and oils, while subsequent chemical processes to which they are subjected render them fairly strong, flexible, and impermeable to liquids.

After this it is not surprising to find that paper gas-pipes are now being made. The material used for this purpose is manilla pap r, cut into strips equalling in width the length of pipe to be made. These are passed through a bath of melted asphalt, and then wrapped firmly round an iron core until the required thickness is attained. Powerful pressure is next applied, the outside surface is strewn over with sand, and the whole cooled in water. The core is then removed, and the outside of the pipe coated with a waterproof composition. These pipes are said to be perfectly gas-tight, and to be much cheaper than iron pipes.

Possibly the adoption of paper in some form for the manufacture of water pipes might save householders some of the annoyance arising from the bursting of pipes after frost. An ingenious individual is reported to have made tobacco pipes from paper, by moulding from pulp or by pressing superimposed sheets of absorbent paper into shape. In either case the necessary resistance to burning has to be provided for by lining the bowl with porous earthenware.

So far has the adaptation of paper to peculiar uses gone in the United States that paper boats are to be tried in the navy. The material is so treated, that it is claimed that the boats may be submerged indefinitely without being any the worse, while they are as much as fifty per cent. lighter than the ordinary wooden boats. In the States, also, they are said to be making paper telegraph poles, which are vastly superior to wooden ones in their power of resisting the deteriorating influences of the atmosphere and the ravages of insects.

A Swedish engineer has invented a paper match, and it has been proposed, if not actually tried, to substitute a preparation of paper for the wood of lead pencils, to supply the deficiency in the supply of cedar wood now being felt. Artificial teeth have been made from paper, and have been found to wear well.

In Germany a great trade is done in paper bed quilts, which are said to be very warm and much cheaper than the ordinary kind, and another German invention takes the shape of paper stockings. These are made of a specially-prepared paper stock, and it is claimed for them that they have a very beneficial action on perspiring feet, absorbing the moisture as fast as it is formed and so keeping the feet dry and warm. The equable temperature they aid in maintaining in the shoes is said to be a great preventive of colds.

The ingenuity of the paper-maker, on the whole applied beneficially in all these and many other curious and remarkable directions, has lent itself, in at least one way, to deception. The American genius, so fruitful in trade tricks, has matched its wooden hams and artificial coffee-beans by paper hosiery yarns. The audacious inventor has devised means by which he can form a strand of paper, polish it, give it a covering of woollen fibre, knit it into goods, and then palm it off on the hosiery trade. It so closely resembles genuine good woollen yarn, that at sight deception is easy. But use rapidly exposes the deceit. The goods fall to pieces as soon as they become damp, and they cannot stand any wear. They are, in fact, yarn only in appearance.

A curiosity worth noting here is the production of iron paper, as a "tour de force" of iron manufacture. A specimen was exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and forthwith ironmakers entered into a lively rivalry as to the thinness of which iron could be rolled. Sheets were rolled to the average thickness of one-eighteen-hundredth part of an inch, which is much thinner than tissue paper, as one thousand two hundred sheets of the thinnest tissue paper made measure an inch. These iron sheets were perfectly smooth and easy to write on, though they were porous when looked at against a strong light.

This necessarily brief outline of a large subject would be incomplete without some reference to some of the remarkable transformations which paper or its raw materials undergo by the application of chemical science.

Celluloid, a comparatively new product, which enters largely into commerce in an immense variety of articles of use and ornament, is made directly from paper by transforming the cellulose of which it is mainly composed into gun cotton by saturating it with a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acids. After thorough washing the mass is reduced to pulp, and mixed with twenty to forty per cent. of its weight of camphor, and thoroughly ground up.

The pulp is spread out in thin sheets, which are subjected to great pressure until dry, when they are rolled in heated rollers, from which they come out in elastic sheets capable of being worked up in an endless number of forms.

Lost.—A young Irishman in want of a five-pound note wrote to his uncle as follows:

"Dear Uncle—If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by a messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew, ——. P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost!"

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows.

"My dear Jack—Console yourself, and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle, ——."

Childhood.—The qualities that are the most attractive in childhood are not by any means the most valuable in maturity. We look for determination, will, decision of character, firmness in the man, and refuse him our respect if he have them not. But, when the child exhibits these qualities, even in their incipient stages, we are annoyed, and perhaps repulsed.

Instead of rejoicing in his strength of will and guiding it into right channels, we lament it as a grievous fault in him and a misfortune to us. It is the meek and yielding child who cares not to decide anything for himself in whom we delight, and whose feeble will we make still feebler by denying it all exercise.

Yet, when he grows up and enters the world and yields to temptation, and perhaps disgraces himself and his family, we look at him in imbecile wonder that so good a child should have turned out to be so bad a man, when, in truth, his course has been only the natural outcome of his past life and training.

A Narrow Escape.—Lawyer A: "I've gained my case, old boy, and my client escapes the halter."

Lawyer B: "How did you do it?"

Lawyer A.: "Now you ask me a hard one. The case had been given to the jury, and they had been out a couple of hours, when they sent in a communication asking for instructions. It turned out that they only wanted to ask a very trifling, irrelevant question. They wished to know if the senior counsel for the defence—meaning me—was employed by the defendant or assigned by the government. They were told that I was engaged by the defendant. Well, they returned to their room, and in less than three minutes they again came into court with a verdict acquitting my client on the ground of insanity. I never was so surprised in my life."

Standing Alone.—Thank Heaven, I can stand alone! Can you? Are you yet at the end of your life journey? Have you yet stood over the dead body of wife or child, snatched from you when life was at the flood tide of happiness? Did you ever close your weary eyes to the bright dawn of a new day, and pray that you might never live to look at another? If a woman, did you ever face poverty where luxury had been, and vainly look bitter and thitter for the summer friends that you would never see again till larder and coffer were replenished? Are you sure, when you boast that you can "stand alone," that you have learned also how to fall alone?

Scientific and Useful.

Photography.—A simple method has been devised of photographing a person in five different attitudes all at once, so that the same picture gives five views of him. A background is made of two plane mirrors, forming between them an angle of 46 degr., and placing the person at the junction. Such "all round" portraits will be useful in criminology and anthropology, as well as in ordinary life.

Electric Lights.—A simple device for starting and stopping the electric light from a distance has been brought out in Paris. It is similar to an electric bell circuit, only the hammer of the bell, which is attracted by the electro-magnet, is replaced by what may be described as the pointer of a scale beam. When this pointer is attracted to one or other pole of the magnet, the beam sways, and, by means of a mercury contact, makes or breaks the circuit.

Glass.—According to a contemporary, oxygen gas is coming into use in glass making. When it is passed into the melted material everything is oxydized as far as possible, the color is clearer, and the composition is greatly more uniform, partly through the heat being evolved in the midst of the mass as well as communicated to it from without. The amount of oxygen used is from fifty to seventy cubic feet per ton of glass, and the process is said to effect a considerable saving of time.

Sawdust.—A noticeable feature in the hardwood operations of the lumbermen and manufacturers is the strict economy observed in the use of materials, in marked contrast with the methods that used to prevail in the mills. Nothing is allowed to go to waste, and the dump pile is unknown. The sawdust is used for fuel, and the timber that cannot be used is converted into firewood, in which form it finds a ready market at profitable prices. No kind of timber that grows is looked upon as worthless, and any kind of a log the farmer brings in has a value and will bring cash at the mill or railroad station.

Farm and Garden.

Oyster Shells.—Oyster shells are valueless as a fertilizer, but when burnt they provide what is known as "shell lime" and are used in place of stone lime, though a larger quantity per acre is used. Oyster shells, clam shells, marble, limestone and chalk are nearly of the same composition, being different forms of carbonate of lime, the carbonic acid being driven off when the materials are burnt in a lime kiln.

The Cheapest.—Most writers for farm papers seem to be agreed that clover or grass is the cheapest food that hogs can have. Yet the yield of either clover or grass is not nearly so great as that from a field of corn, counting grain and fodder. Even the grain of a good corn yield surpasses in weight most yields of pasture clover or grass. The corn has certainly more nutrition for fattening than has the grass. The hog's stomach is much smaller than that of other domestic animals. It needs its food in concentrated form.

Sheep.—The mutton breeds of sheep grow so rapidly compared with scrubs as to almost surprise those who have not used them. Such breeds as the Oxford Downs, Shropshires and Hampshire Downs will gain from 12 ounces to a pound a day the first year, if forced by high feeding. It has been demonstrated by actual tests that lambs can be made to attain 100 pounds live weight when 100 days old, and individual rams, fed for the purpose of gaining as much as possible, have reached 370 pounds when 1 year old.

Bee Food.—The very best bee food for winter is pure white honey. That seems to contain the least indigestible matter. Next to this comes pure honey of a darker shade. If artificial food be necessary (do not attempt them to avoid feeding) use pure granulated sugar syrup. This is the best at any time, but so much of successful wintering depends upon good food, that one should be especially particular in the last feeding. One may at times have other material quite as objectionable as this; but where one is in doubt, the advice of an experienced apiarist should be sought before using it.

Unfavorable Weather produces Catarrhs, Coughs, Disorders of the Lungs, &c., which Jayne's Expectorant promptly cures if faithfully administered.

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On Certain Troubles.

The late Louis Stevenson tells, in one of his most charming papers, how he and two companions walked together daily for two months in holiday-times, and daily talked with unabated zest, and yet, during the whole of the time, scarcely wandered beyond two subjects —theology and love.

So far as theology is concerned, the essayist acknowledged that the frequency of the discussion was partly due to the speakers being Scotchmen. "You can keep no men long," said he, "nor Scotchmen at all, off moral or theological discussion." However that may be, there is no doubt of the undagging popularity of love as a subject for discussion and confidences. "The light of the whole life dies when love is done."

In those same papers on love-making by Louis Stevenson to which we have alluded—papers in which beyond his wont he appeared to strive to be surprising rather than penetrating, luminous and comprehensive—he views marriage with a fear that probably most men feel when thinking out the subject coolly and dispassionately. When he sees, says he, a raw youth and a green girl fluted and fiddled, in a dancing measure, into that most of serious contracts, he is not surprised that some make shipwreck, but that any come to port.

No folly on the part of those who have loved but found unhappiness ought to turn aside our sympathy, for from such hearts disappointment sends forth the keener wail. It is so with unrequited affection. We seldom stay to realize how common is unreturned and unsuspected love. Such attachments may rest on a very slender basis of knowledge; they may be only creations of the imagination, and yet are none the less sufficiently real to give genuine pain.

Then there is the love acknowledged on both sides, but which must be suppressed because prudence and duty are both against it. The art of the novelist is often skilfully used to make us feel that true love overbears all other considerations whatsoever. When beset by distracting opposition both from friends and fate, the lovers are depicted as surrendering themselves to the dictates of their hearts, giving instinct its head, and so being brought out of all their troubles.

The moral that is hinted, though it may not be formally set forth, is that love is lord. We should be sorry to say anything that would belittle in the least degree the deep and beautiful emotion that gives married life its sanctity, and on which the happiness of mankind is chiefly built; but sacrifice is sometimes greater and more beautiful even than love; and sometimes the stern demand of the mind is better than the instinct of the affections.

No one who knows much of this sad subject of love's troubles—growing sadder, we feel, the farther we proceed with it—can fail to know that long waiting for marriage is one of the trials to which steady-going serious lovers are specially liable. Ah, how many women have written to us from time to time, telling how they fear the passing years that do not seem to bring the "put-off" marriage any nearer, although they have been most surely engaged almost from girlhood! They feel life turning gray, and affection cooling down till it has lost all its glow of romance, as hope becomes faint and suspicion cannot be entirely repressed.

Nay, time, they feel, is gradually changing character; and, as they and their tardy lovers are living apart under differing conditions, circumstances are carrying them farther asunder than bringing them nearer together. This torture of suspense is far greater when love has only been partially expressed.

We have frequently referred to this subject both in our essays and correspondence, because it is so often mentioned by our readers, and because we feel that, except the disgraceful ruin of a woman's life by the selfish passion of man, there is no meanness so abject as that of a man who bespeaks a woman's love and loyalty and then makes no effort to redeem his promise, but lets the drifting years kill unfulfilled love.

Sometimes one of love's troubles arises from this indifferent drifting—leading people into marriage, instead of away from it. They marry for no special reason. If their feeling was probed to its foundation, it would be found that they married on no stronger impulsion than that they thought they might as well marry.

They are the kind of people who believe—as Louis Stevenson put it—that it does not much matter whom you marry, for, in fact, if you have made up your mind to it and once talked yourself fairly over, you can "pull it through" with anybody. Now this may do passably well under two conditions. First, that these good folk are really as torpid as they imagine. If that be so, there is no more to be said. But, secondly, if their nature is not steeped in this slumberous animal indifference, but is capable of waking to life, their happiness depends upon whether they wake to a love of the right person. There is no doubt that in some of these cases of indifferent marriages love comes afterwards; but sometimes it comes too late and is misplaced, and that is the greatest of all love's troubles.

One of the most perplexing of love-troubles is that instinctive jealousy which some devoted people—especially men—feel, and which unfortunately is regarded by thoughtless women during the courtship period with something like pride. It is not uncommon to see a woman taking as a special tribute to herself watchful attentions which are really partly due to a pitiable weakness of faith on the part of her admirer.

A noble nature is necessarily impervious to small jealousies. The probabilities are that the jealous man will in many small ways be critical, ill-balanced, exacting, and an uncomfortable companion. An egoistical disposition, prone to jealousy, narrows the orbit of life and demands that only as much truth shall be seen as is convenient. When a man is sufficiently foolish to insist, contrary to the facts, that no one is wiser, handsomer than himself, he is confessing that he cannot be happy unless those who love him are blind.

The want of dignity, the inveterate conceit, the mean distrust of jealousy must have a wearing effect upon any one who is compelled to live in contact with it; and the worst of it is that it is often an ingredient of the nature that cannot be dissolved out by any process of reasoning. There is no infirmity that ought to give rise to more serious doubts than this insidious, warping, contemptible passion. And yet, as we have said, women sometimes begin by observing it with pride and rating it as a personal tribute.

The discovery of the true significance of jealousy is one of the love-troubles that generally comes after marriage. It sometimes seems as if young people thought that the larger part of their love-troubles would lie behind their backs when they left the church-door happily married. That idea no doubt is fostered by the trick of fiction which leads the lovers to the altar, and leaves them there happy. But by far the greater number of men and women who are perplexed because their fortune in love seems to be "mutinying and running backwards"—as Bacon expressed it—are married people. That great cause of unhappiness, for instance, difference of disposition, between man and wife, is seldom fully realized until some little time after marriage.

It must be expected in marriage that there will be some changes of opinion, if not of feeling, and that for years, perhaps for many years, troublesome little adjustments of the relations between the two who are thrown together in life will be continually taking place. It cannot reasonably be expected that there will be nothing to find out in dispositions and tempers, or that there will be no clashing of wills.

Character itself will partly change with care and effort, success and failure, with the development of thought and the widening of experience, and perhaps the husband and wife will not both progress at the same rate. The advent of children sometimes disturbs the balance of affection in a household. Here love seems dwindling through neglect, and there grows sicklier for over-tending.

All these jars and frets come as troubles to the sensitive until the lesson of adjusting two lives to one set of ideals has been thoroughly learned. But though the way of love is difficult, and the troubles have grown to a long list, what are they in comparison with the blankness and dreariness of the loveless life?

THERE are few, if any, in whom we cannot find something to esteem if we search for it; but we often allow their wrong-doing to form so thick a cloud over their whole nature that all the bright spots are hidden from our view. If we had more of that charity which believeth all things and hopeth all things, we should be quicker to detect the good, slower to mark the evil, anxious to bring out and develop the former, and glad to cast the mantle of silence over the latter.

IT is often said that "troubles are friends in disguise;" but this can only be so when we know how to avail ourselves of their friendship. When we do not know how to do so, it may easily happen that through the darkness in which they encompass us no ray of light can pierce, and out of the bitterness no sweetness can arise.

LONELINESS is attractive to men of reflection, not so much because they like their own thoughts, as because they dislike the thoughts of others. Solitude ceases to charm the moment we find a single being whose ideas are more agreeable to us than our own.

WHEN you make a mistake, do not look back at it for long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed; but the future is yet in your power.

SEEK not to screen yourself from the troubles that afflict human life, but in a measure merge yourself in the common lot, and thus seek to fulfil some of the primary conditions of your duty towards your neighbor.

TRULY the color of our lives is woven into the fatal threads at our births; our original sins and our redeeming graces are infused into us, nor is the bond that confirms our destiny ever canceled.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

P. T.—One way to remove ink stains from books is to use a small quantity of oxalic acid, diluted with water, applied with a camelhair pencil and blotted with blotting paper.

D. V.—Never let pride cause you to lose a true friend. Go to him and say, "I was in the wrong. I am sorry for it, and would recall every bitter word if I could. I ask you to forget them, and to forgive me for speaking them." It will give your pride a little wrench, but you will feel afterwards as though you had got rid of an aching tooth.

C. M. L.—Peat is a substance formed by the decomposition of plants amid much moisture, as in marshes and morasses. The remains of the plants are often so well preserved that the species can be readily distinguished. Reeds, rushes and other aquatic plants may usually be traced in peat, and stems of heath are abundant in it; but it chiefly consists in the northern parts of the world of different species of bog moss. Mosses of this genus grow in very wet situations, and throw out new shoots in their upper parts, while their lower parts are decaying and being converted into peat; so that shallow pools are gradually changed into bogs.

G. M. S.—To make paper-hangers' paste beat up four pounds of good white wheat-flour (well-sifted previously) in sufficient cold water to form a stiff batter. Beat it well in order to take out all lumps, and then add enough cold water to make the mixture of the consistency of the pudding batter. To this add about two ounces of well pounded alum. Pour gently and quickly over the batter boiling water, stirring rapidly at the same time, and when it is seen to lose the white color of the flour it is cooked and ready. Do not use it, while hot, but allow it to cool. Pour about a pound of cold water over the top to prevent a skin from forming. Before using, the paste should be thinned by the addition of cold water.

C. R. S.—Acrostics are still written in albums. The album as well as the acrostic is old-fashioned, but old fashions and antique things are all the rage. The acrostic dates very far back. Pericles, no doubt, wrote acrostics in Aspasia's album. The word comes from the Greek "Akron stichos"—first-letter verse. The term was first applied to the verses of the Erythean Sybil which were written on leaves. These prophetic verses were more obscure than Robert Browning's poetry, but they were so contrived that when the leaves were sorted and laid in order their initial letters always made a word. The hundred and ninth psalm is an acrostic after the Hebrew style, which consisted of twenty two lines or stanzas beginning with the letters of the alphabet in succession. Your acrostic is very good.

C. H. B.—In 1888 the tragedy of "Brutus" was produced at Drury Lane, the famous Edmund Kean taking the principal part. It proved a great success, being performed for seventy-five nights to crowded houses. Among the numerous plays written by Payne about this time was "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which was sold in 1823 to Charles Kemble of Covent Garden, for $1250, the music being arranged by Sir Henry Bishop. In the opera was introduced the song of "Home! Sweet Home!" which has thrilled so many hearts. It was composed in Paris when the author was living in humble lodgings near Palais Royal. Payne died in Tunis on April 9, 1852, and on June 9, 1883, his remains were brought to the United States, and laid in their last resting-place in the Oak-hill Cemetery at Georgetown, near Washington.

OLIVER.—Any one who views the moon's surface when full, either with a telescope or the naked eye, cannot fail to observe that it is remarkably diversified with dark spots and lines, so distinct in their character, that the disappearance of any of them, or an alteration in their position with respect to the earth, would be immediately detected. Now repeated observations show that these spots always retain the same positions relatively to each other, which leaves no doubt that the moon always presents to us the same face or hemisphere—a circumstance that cannot otherwise be accounted for than by supposing her to rotate about an axis in the same direction and in the same time as she performs the circuit of her orbit; just in the same manner as a person moving round any object with his face constantly turned towards it, turns himself round in the same direction, in which case his face will be directed to every point of the horizon in succession. This remarkable law, which even in the present advanced state of astronomical science is still unaccounted for on physical principles, is not peculiar to the moon, but is found to hold in the case of all satellites of the same order as that body. In consequence of this singular coincidence of motion, the earth must appear to a spectator on the moon to be permanently at rest. Whatever height she may be above the lunar horizon, or in whatever quarter she may appear, she will go through all her changes, but retain the same position in the heavens; consequently the earth must be always visible to one half of the moon and invisible to the other half, but both sides of the moon will equally participate in the solar light. When full the earth must present a very splendid appearance to an inhabitant of the moon, our planet's surface being about thirteen times larger than that of her satellite, to whose inhabitants, in consequence of the earth's quick rotation on her axis, every variety of cloud, land, and water, with which her surface is diversified, will be brought into view in rapid succession.

LONGING.

Sweetheart the morn is drear
That dawns on drearier night without you here;
And day drags slow
To eyes and lips and heart that miss you so.

Sweetheart, beyond the night
That hides your dear lost form from mortal sight,
Send me one word
Or sigh that my soul's lonely cry is heard.

Sweetheart, not clasping hand
I ask, but I would know, and understand,
If it may be
One waiting spirit looks and longs for me.

In a White World.

BY S. U. W.

THERE is scarcely a part of the world, whether great or small, where the cosmopolitan Englishman may not be found, either for his pleasure or to get a living, if he cannot make a fortune; and therefore, it was no matter for surprise that a year ago General Sovaloff had taken back with him to Russia an English gentleman as private secretary, at a high salary, being minded to see something of St. Petersburg as well as other parts of the world already visited in his wandering experiences in somewhat similar capacities.

But this winter the General had been appointed Governor of Nikoletz, a small town in Southern Russia, at some distance from the Austrian frontier. And though he was originally only ordered for three months, during the leave of the then Governor, there had come, just after the new year, an order for on extension of command for another three months, which mandate neither the General nor any of his household liked, especially the Englishman, Lance Erlestone, who enjoyed life, and had never contemplated such practical banishment to a dead-and-alive provincial town. Nor was he in love with Russia at all, people or climate, except the General, to whom he had grown attached.

"I suppose," the gray-headed old soldier had said, rather wistfully, "that you will tell me you must go; at three or four and thirty a man, such as you, must needs find the place intolerable for long!"

"Very dull, yes, my General; but I shall not leave you," was the answer. "You have honored me with your friendship and trust."

Sovaloff looked at him and smiled. A finely-built, handsome fellow this was, too, with large, deep-blue eyes, and tender, resolute mouth. Such a loyal face, that even a Russian could scarcely have suspected aaything false and ignoble behind it.

"Trust," the General repeated; "yes, I would trust to your honor the woman I loved best in all the world!"

How little either dreamed then, how soon these words were to be tested severely.

* * * * * *

It was one evening about the end of January, and the cold without bitter beyond measure, and the whole country one dreary waste of frozen snow. Within doors all was warmth, well-to-do houses being warmed with hot air, and Erlestone, lounging back in a luxurious easy chair, had been reading for an hour alone, when the door opened quickly, and General Sovaloff came in, looking so agitated, that the young man, springing up to place a seat for him, said, anxiously:

"Excellency, I hope nothing has happened to trouble you—that letter they brought you an hour ago?"

The Governor sank into the chair, motioning Lance back to his seat.

"Hush!" he said, very low, as if fearful the walls might hear. "Yes, Lance, that letter was brought by a person who has come to me disguised in a peasaut's rough cloak over her own attire. I am in deep trouble for her and myself—in terrible danger; and in it I know no one to turn to—to trust, but you, a foreigner—a—"

"Not stranger, my General!" interposed Erlestone, eagerly. "Command me, I am at your service, and the lady's a thousandfold. A venerable man and a woman, who also would have such claims on a man in his prime!"

"You are a chivalrous fellow, by Heaven! But this—this is so much to ask, even of you—so daring, so adventurous, and knightly! But listen, before you pledge one word. Time is life or death, to-night, perhaps. You know that in Russia if a Nihilist, proved or only suspect, escapes, his relatives are arrested and imprisoned till he is taken or gives himself up. Well, a Polish Count, an old and dear friend of my life, has, I learn to-night, lately been falsely suspected of Nihilism; but he has, happily, escaped to England in safety."

"From prison, my General?"

"Yes. He has an only child, motherless, a beautiful girl of twenty; a clever, high-spirited girl, who was, at the time, boarding at a convent south. Hearing from her father, Marie Scharlenzka knew her own danger, and managed to reach me this night, to ask help and concealment, or aid to escape. Of course, if she is traced here, it will be ruin to me as well as herself. Heaven knows how soon the police may be after the precious child, but I dare not stir a step; yet this very night she should escape to the Austrian frontier, and so on to England!" He stopped, his voice shook.

Lance, with quiet force, said:

"You wish to do me the unmeasurable honor of permitting me to take the Countess Marie to England. Is that it, my General?"

"Oh, Erlestone! May I—dare I ask you such a desperate service?" said the old soldier, gripping the other's hand close, as he leaned forwards. "I can trust her to you, I told you."

"May you ask? But I should be deeply hurt if you did not," said Lance, flushed with gladness. "Danger, adventure for a noble friend's and a woman's sake! My General, what more could man wish?"

"Lance—Lance, how can I ever thank you?"

"Hush, Excellency; let us arrange the escape. The nearest frontier town is Schoenberg."

"Yes; eighty miles distant, across the plain. You know the track, all frozen snow though it is, and are a splendid driver, thank Heaven!" said Sovaloff, or the journey would be impossible, for it can only be you and Marie."

"A bitter cold night for a slender girl, Excellency," said Erlestone; "but there is no help for it, of course."

"None. The two greatest dangers between this and the frontier are, as you know well, the severe cold and——"

"Yes, I know, my General, I know. How—as what—do we travel on the passports?"

"I must leave that to your wits, Lance, I will leave that blank for you to fill in, for there is no time to talk details now," rejoined the Governor. "Here I shall say that I have sent you away late to-night with secret dispatches to the north. You must have the small sleigh as well as provisioned as it can hold, and the two strongest horses I have, and money in plenty. See, here is paper for a thousand pounds English, separate; it is for yourself."

"Excellency, no!" exclaimed Erlestone, starting. "I want no such payment."

"Hush, not a word, Erlestone," interposed the old man, imperatively; "it is only justice, and you may both need it. Take it or refuse to save the poor child."

Lance was forced to yield and take the notes. Then Savaloff gave him an ample supply of cash and the requisite papers to pass——and——(blanks for Lance to fill in names) over the frontier. Thence, whilst Lance put up a few necessaries and got ready, the General went to have the sleigh prepared; but of course, the fugitives could not start till the whole household had retired.

A little before midnight, General Savaloff came back to Erlestone's rooms; but this time not alone. A young and beautiful girl was with him.

"My child, this is Lance Erlestone, to whose protection I confide you as if it were my own," said the General.

Lance had to veil the flash of admiration in his eyes, and still, as best he could, the quick throb of his blood as he met a pair of great, soft, dark eyes searching his, then felt two soft clinging little hands put trustfully into his strong, loyal clasp, and heard a low, musical voice in his ears:

"Ah, monsieur, you are too good to a fugitive stranger."

"Mademoiselle, it is you who honor me beyond all measure by trusting yourself to me," said Erlestone, with a deep, tender, reverence in voice, look, manner, "Believe me, I shall guard you as a cherished sister—a sacred charge to place safely in your father's arms."

"I know you will." Then, steadily, "I am ready, mes amis."

She still spoke in French, and so had the men; naturally a Pole would avoid the Russian tongue, and perhaps she spoke little or no English.

She was already enveloped in a long fur redingote and close fur cap, and so fur was her new escort, but in the sleigh were more fur wraps, without which such a journey in the Russian winter would have been a certainty of death from cold.

In the courtyard, at the back of the house, the General took leave, an anxious sorrowful leave, of the two fugitives, clasping his old friend's child to his heart, then putting his hands on the young man's shoulders, kissed him on each cheek.

"My noble boy! Bless you my boy! I shall see you both in England, I hope, this year."

And in two minutes the dangerous journ was begun; without bells or light, save a pale moon, silent and ghostlike, the sleigh swept out into the white world.

* * * * * *

What man, in all the glorious pride of his manhood, strong as loyal and impressionable, would not have felt his very heart throb, and his fiery young blood bound with a noble pride and joy in Lance Erlestone's place, now as his did?

All the purest springs and chivalrous instincts of manhood were touched at once. Here at his side was a young and beautiful woman, flying with him from a desperate peril, to be for weeks absolutely in his sole care, dependent on him alone for life, honor, even name, as they traveled through more civilized countries, appealed to, bound yet more, if that were possible, to guard even a look by her clinging, perfect trust in him that knew no fear, or painful sense of the position as between herself and protector.

And there was a passionate exhilaration, too, in the very consciousness of danger for the daring spirit to face, of physical and mental power, as he held those two high-spirited horses in check to the pace he willed, as they would feign have dashed off with the light sleigh—light to their vigor—at high speed.

"No, no, my four-footed friends!" said the skilled driver, his blue eyes bright as sapphires. "I must husband your strength for the journey is long if you are fresh now, so must we, mademoiselle," glancing down at the winsome face beside him. "Presently you must lay your head against my arm and go to sleep, like a good child."

"I do not feel fatigued yet, monsieur," said the soft voice from behind the fur wraps that were drawn up almost to the eyes. "Oh, what a dreadful trackless waste it looks."

"But I know the track by many a landmark," answered Lance, brightly. "I have ridden and sleighed for miles and miles over the snow plains around, and been to a village within ten miles of the frontier by this route."

"I have no fears with you, monsieur," said Marie, simply, "none. I have no fear but of the horrors of a Russian prison." She drew closer to him with a strong shudder. "Worse than death! Oh! monsieur, kill me first if we are pursued, or—stopped at the frontier? Don't let me be taken alive, for the Blessed Virgin's sake!"

"You never shall, my poor child," Erlestone said, firmly; "if my life cannot save you from such a fate, a bullet from my hand shall."

"Thank you. I am content."

After that nothing was said for many miles, and the last distant glimpse of Nikoletz was lost in the darkness and swell of the rolling country and pine woods between, dimly lighted by the stars and pale crescent moon, the track sometimes passing in a sort of shallow valley, between uplands dotted with pine wooding like detached parts of some primeval forest, sometimes crossing the upland, from which position Lance could, from time to time, take a survey of his landmarks.

It would have seemed impossible to make out any kind of guidance to any ordinary Englishman, naturally, and even he had once to use his pocket compass.

On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, the whole scene spread out was one vast dreary desert of dazzling snow, frozen hard—a white world, indeed, save where here and there bare, black-stemmed, white-topped fir woods, chequered the expanse with dark spots.

Keeping his horses to a steady pace, that whilst making good way, held their strength and staying powers well in reserve against need, Erlestone silently set himself to think out the best arrangement of details, which must be settled before Schoenenberg was reached; the passports must be filled up, he and his charge stated to be so-and-so, and if dangerous questions and suspicions were to be avoided, they must pass as in some way connected or be longing to each other.

When the General had first spoken to him, the idea had flashed across Lance's mind, to pass the Polish girl as his sister, who had been traveling with him in Southern Russia; but when he actually saw her, and now again thought over the best and most feasible story, that mere idea stood out, marked "impossible." The only other plan to carry escape safe through inquiry, arrest on suspicion, and return to Russian grip anywhere short of England's shores, was one which, for the girl's own sensitive womanhood's sake, made the man draw in his breath and shrink; if it must be, but he would not even hint the necessity till the last minute, if possible.

"Does mademoiselle speak English at all?" he asked, presently, after Nikoletz was lost sight of.

"I speak it, not very well," said Marie Scharlenzka, with the prettiest, but Oh, such a decided foreign accent, as she glanced up, smiling, half archly, half shyly. "I suppose, not as well as speak you Russian?" questioningly.

Erlestone smiled. Poor fellow, his heart was being witched from his possession every moment.

"I fancy that I speak Russian better than you do English," said he, "though nothing could be prettier. But I knew something of the language before I came out here, and in the country I naturally got more perfect; for us, however, any other language you choose—English, French, German or Italian."

"Ah! so! The General told me you were quite a linguist—so clever—so——"

"Chut!—chut" interposed Lance, half laughing, and coloring slightly. "I am afraid that his noble Excellency told you five times more kind things of me than I at all deserve."

"Oh, no, monsieur. I do not think he did," said Marie, very decidedly.

He said, quizzically, with a very elder-brother manner:

"But, my dear child, you have only known me two or three hours, so how can you know how far he was right or wrong?"

In her answer there was a curious mixture of childlike innocence, and deep womanly feeling and clear sight, that touched Lance to the soul.

"Only three hours—yes, but somehow I feel as if I had known you for months."

"Do you? Ah, thanks, a thousand times!" Lance said, very earnestly; then in another tone, "Now you must try to sleep, rest your head against me, my child."

It came so natural to call her so, in that tender, reverential way of his. She was such a young, clinging creature, so pure and unsophisticated in heart and soul; yet in nowise from the ignorance of a provincial—for she had lived mostly in cities.

Perfectly trusting and at ease with him in her own subtle intuition and perfect unself-consciousness, she obeyed him with a child's grateful simplicity, and laid her curly head, enveloped in its close fur hood, against his arm; and tired, perhaps drowsy from the bitter cold, fell fast asleep, unconscious how his heart throbbed, how passionately he longed to fold her to that heart, and press those soft lips with his own.

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By a kind of tacitly common consent, neither of the fugitives had said a word of one grim danger that might at any moment come upon them, day or night, in this dreary desert of snow.

It was about four o'clock, and some thirty miles, if not more, had been got over, when Lance Erlestone deemed it wise to halt for a few minutes, to give the horses a hasty feed from the bag of grain in the back of the sleigh; and also his charge and himself took some food.

He had pulled up on a rising ground, on purpose to command a sweep of the country against surprise from any quarter, or any enemy, and Erlestone, before gathering up the reins, took a good look round, before permitting the impatient horses to again start down the gradual incline which lay before them.

Nothing was to be seen, but in that moment both man and girl suddenly started, and looked at each other, their very blood running cold as death.

"Did you hear?" she whispered with wide eyes of terror.

"Yes."

Far, far away, that slight sound, borne on the clear, keen air—so far, and so slight, that no one inexperienced would have heard it at all, so to speak; but the two fugitives knew it too well—the faint echo against hill and woods, of a distinct howling—the wolves—the wolves.

Not one second's pause now, for with that one word, Erlestone started his splendid horses at full speed, his teeth set, his guiding hand strong and steady; the man cool and collected, as if he had been igno-

rant of the hideous danger far behind, in quiet mastery of himself and his team.

Marie sat, deadly pale, but still and quiet, as the sleigh swept onwards. She, too, knew that in truth the awful race for life and death had begun.

"You brave girl!" were the first words her protector said. "I knew that wolves had been seen within range weeks ago, but those we heard are very far astern, and not at present in pursuit of us."

"But you know how very far they scent the horses," Marie said, under her breath.

"Yes, my child; and that, if the pack wander into the direct curre t of the breeze, they will scent prey," Lance answered, quietly. "I am steering now for a big wolf refuge, many miles ahead. If, when we reach that, the enemy is still out of range, we can go on safely; if not we must take shelter, bag and baggage."

"Is the hut large enough for the horses and sleigh, monsieur?" she asked, throwing a keen, fearful glance behind, drawing instinctively closer to him, as the weaker does naturally to the stronger.

"Oh, yes; and to spare. Try not to feel very much afraid, my child," bending a little to her.

"I do not think I am, with you," she said, simply.

And that held Lance silent for some time, till a couple of miles were passed; and then suddenly the awesome silence of the snow plain was broken from out the distance by a sound that might well make those two human hearts stand still, the horses flung up their heads with a snort of terror—a prolonged, hideous howl, faint and afar as yet—but terrible in meaning; the wolves had caught the scent of prey, and the whole hungry pack, in full cry were in pursuit,

The horses absolutely sprang forwards in wild affright, but their master's strong hand held them in just enough to prevent them running away, and feeling the check, calm their panic into a long, steady race for life.

"So—steady, steady boys!" came the driver's soothing voice, familiar to the noble animals, trained to obedience; "we must not waste strength in the first rush, you know."

Then he glanced back one second, and set his teeth.

"Are they in sight yet?" the girl whispered, searching his face.

"Not yet. I must trust to you for the look out; for to drive safely now will take my whole attention," he answered, in that level, quiet way, that inspired so much reliance in the man's cool courage.

For now indeed the fearful race had begun—a kind of grim running battle for life, against the gaunt foe whose savage howls from time to time broke upon their ears

"Now it seemed nearer, now farther; perhaps sometimes a hill or wood intervened; or losing the scent, perhaps the ravenous beasts paused to tear in pieces and devour one of their own number who had fallen out of the hunt, like the cannibals these ferocious brutes are to each other.

Suddenly Marie said, and Lance never forgot the way she said it:

"Grand Dieu! I see the wolves now!"

"Where, child? How far?"

They had left the lower plain, and were galloping across a higher plateau. The Polish girl answered:

"On the brow of the hills over on the horizon—I almost—I see a black spot on the white snow which moves this way. Is the refuge far, now, monsieur?"

"I scarcely know, within several miles, my child, but, I think, at this pace, we can reach it within two hours, and 'a stern chase is a long one,' as we seafaring English say. Watch, and report to me. Does the pack gain?"

Horses were flying now over the frozen snow, the foam at their mouths, the flecks on their coats wherever they were not covered, but they showed no signs of failing yet, though presently, one could hear their breathing coming harder as the miles flew by, and the howls of the savage pursuers grew too surely nearer and nearer.

On, on, for dear life! on, on, in Heaven's mercy, to escape a horrible death that might make the bravest heart quail, to be torn to pieces by beasts, savage, ravenous for their human food.

Now the gaunt pack seemed further; now gained again—gained—came tearing faster. Faster, was it, or, Mother of mercy, was it that the brave steeds were flagging at last for all the terror that lent them strength in the maddened race?

On—on—still! The master's voice encourages, soothes, cheers the faithful dumb friends, who are as alive to it as any human being.

"On—on—yet a little while!" Lance cries, standing in his place to better command his team. "I see far ahead, the wood close by the goal we want. So, that's brave, Alexis—on still, Prince Paul!"

Now the wolves, howling and tearing, are distinctly in view away behind, gaining every minute; it is too plainly a race of minutes against minutes now; there is the wolf refuge looming ahead, every moment bringing the hunted fugitives nearer; then behind is the foe, nearer each moment too.

On, brave steeds, they are quivering in every limb; the wood is skirted, the hut is close, the wolves following on behind, with red tongues out and fierce eyes of fury, as if they knew what it meant. In a minute more, Lance pulls up the horses, leaps down, forces back the door, half leads, half drags the panting horses in the sleigh within the shelter, dashes the great great solid door close shut, bars it across with the iron bar, staggered back, with a blind instinct, to the sleigh, and then Marie was in his arms, sobbing on his breast, in the passion of excitement and relief which came to both, and broke down, for the minute, all conventional barriers which grew from the Fall, and in the face of a great common danger vanish to give us a glimpse of the perfect purity of Paradise before sin marred man's moral beauty.

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And outside, the gaunt, starving wolves, mad with hunger and fury to be cheated of their prey, were leaping up against the thick wooded wall, tearing up the frozen ground, as best they could, with claws and teeth, about the door, with savage howls, like a pack of yelling demons around a lost soul.

"If we had been out there!" were Lance's first quivering words—"great Heaven! if we had been out there! But you are saved, my child—my charge!"

It had been such a terrible tension all that grim race, that it was some minutes before either could quite recover the revulsion to relief.

"To have brought you into such peril for me," Marie said brokenly, as Erlestone tenderly put her back amongst the rich furs; "how can I ever be grateful enough?"

"Chut, chut," said Lance. "Sit there, without troubling your pretty head about me, whilst I get light and food to make us all four at home."

"Ah, how good you are!" she said, as he went to the back of the sleigh, got the lantern and candle, for it was still dark, lighted it, and hung it in its place on the dainty vehicle; then he unharnessed his horses, tied them loosely to an iron ring in the far end of the long hut, and gave them food, caressing the animals, who were still trembling with exhaustion and fear.

When he turned, behold! his young charge had slipped off the most cumbrous wraps, for within was not so bitterly severe as outside, and was busy unfastening the hatuper, with their provisions and flask of cognac.

"Ah! you should not," he said, quickly. "Forgive me that I waited first on the poor animals; but you see your safety depends on them. Drink this, and try to eat, for the dear old General has taken care of us," he added, cheerily. "We can stand a siege for days. Sit down on this rug, so, and eat."

She shuddered, as the tearing and fierce howls without continued. It seemed as if the horrible brutes must get in.

"Can they—make—tear an entrance by the roof or under the door?" she said, fearfully, her eyes lifted to his, as they sat at their much needed meal. "Is the hut strong?"

"Quite safe against all their attacks, my child," Erlestone said, smiling, "though the pack is large and furious, I admit. The roof is too high for them to leap or scramble on, and too solid to be torn open. The building is of baulks of timber, iron clamped like the door, and so is the floor. No, we are safe here."

"But you know how savagely obstinate they are, monsieur; they may starve us out with hunger and cold, or if heavy snow falls——"

"Do you see those narrow loopholes high up, mon enfant?" said Lance, pointing up. "Well, I have firearms and ammunition, besides a long sheathed dagger in my belt, and I shall certainly make some have in the pack when it is daylight. They will eat the dead wolves, of course, and thus, probably, attack each other, or get tired of starving, and be off. We are barely forty miles from Schoenenberg now."

That comforted Marie, for even if death came to them, as she had said, it was less horrible than being killed by wild beasts.

The tired horses had lain down, and gone to sleep, despite the noise outside, and Erlestone said, quietly, that Marie must sleep too.

"I will try, if you will," she said, clasping his hand. "You must be so tired, for you never slept when I did."

Lance reverently kissed the clinging hand as if it were a saint's.

"I cannot now, my precious charge," he said, gently; "to-night, possibly. It will soon be day-light outside, and then I shall open fire."

And, a little later, he did, by pushing the sleigh under a loophole, and standing on the front seat, he could see out with ease, and take aim.

"There are a dozen, or more," he said to Marie below, "all ranging round here at the sight of a face and sound of my voice. I'll drop a few with my six-shooter. Ha, you beast!" he added, taking aim at a gaunt monster who leaped savagely up against the wall.

Crack, crack! four reports in rapid succession, each carrying death to an enemy, each carcass at once rushed upon by the others, and two more were picked off, dyeing the snow with blood. The rest, panic struck, fled round the other side of the hut, whilst Erlestone swiftly reloaded and watched, keeping his head below the loophole—for the wolves were too cunning to return at once.

"They're bound to come back for the carrion, though," said Lance, coolly. "The worst is that a good feast will enable the survivors to keep us prisoners longer, and they are so cunning that they may manage to keep out of my range."

Wolves are proverbially cunning brutes, and cowardly as savage. No wonder the traveler hates them, as a seaman does a shark—vicious creatures both. A wolf is a sort of land shark, one might say.

During the day, Erlestone shot another six, but the four that was left—four enormous wolves—dragged away three carcasses whilst he reloaded, and skulked artfully away out of range.

Then night came again, bitterly cold. Lance covered up the horses with one of the big rugs, and then stepping into the sleigh beside Marie Scharlenzka, quietly, in a matter-of course way, passed one arm about her form, and drew her close to him within the ample furred wraps which he drew around them both.

"It is the only way to keep you warm, little sister mine," he said, gently, tenderly, as, indeed, to a young sister. "Go to sleep so, once more."

"But you? You must sleep, or I will not."

"Yes, you will, Marie," he smiled; "but I'll lay my head against this cushion behind it and yours. Lean on me, in the fur; it is soft and warm for such a tender little being."

She nestled her curly head confidingly on his breast like an innocent child, quite unconscious how long those blue eyes gazed down on her—long after she slept peacefully on his throbbing heart—before they closed in oblivion, then to see her in dreams.

The next morning the other carcass was gone, but later Erlestone succeeded in killing two out of the four wolves; the two fled, howling with rage and fear; but, of course would return presently to devour their dead brethren.

"And then," said Lance, "they are doomed, and we are free to escape. So, I will tell you my plan—the only safe one, I am afraid, my child—if you will not mind the subterfuge."

"Why should I mind what you think best M. Erlestone? Are those the passports you have got on your knee?"

How beautiful she looked!—how pure and exquisite, with that Madonna face.

But he did not after that glance look at her as he said, easily, in that matter-of-fact manner, which was best calculated to put her sensitive womanhood at ease:

"Yes; I am filling them up before we set out again, for the frontier is a dangerous rock; and then we have England to reach, and my plan will give you the protection of our flag and nationality as an English subject."

"Comment, M. Lance?"—the dark eyes opened in pretty wonder. "Now, you are clever."

"Soft," said he, "too clever, perhaps. Well I had thought, before I saw you, to pass you for my sister; but no stretch could possibly pass you for English, you are distinctly foreign—nay, even a typical Polish beauty—and I could in no way pass muster for a Pole."

"No; ah! no. A foreignized Englishman—possibly for a German," said the girl.

"Y-es, but doubtful; and again, you could not. Yet for every reason we must be two so related that our traveling alone together is a simple, natural thing. So, my dear child, the best and only safe way if for me just pass you for my wife till we reach England."

He was writing out some paper whilst he spoke, but he knew that the hot blood swept to the girl's cheek and brow, that she started, and then stood still. What he did not know, was the sudden, strange thrill that name on his lips had sent through her whole being.

He went on, in the same easy way, to give her time, she felt:

"You see, that, as an Englishman's wife, you become de facto, by ours and international law, an English subject, and therefore, if at any place on the journey there is any attempt at arrest from Russian information, I at once claim protection for my wife from the English Consular Ambassador. Do you understand me quite, my child?"

"Quite," said the girl, quietly, meeting the difficult proposition so delicately, so chivalrously put, with an answering unconsciousness. "What you think best is right; but," the color would rise a little, brave though she was—"what if—if proof is demanded, as it may be, monsieur?"

"Oh, yes, most probably," said Lance, smiling; "but I am ready for that, I think. I have just been preparing a facsimile of an English marriage certificate. See here, all correct," he added, holding up the paper, laughingly. "Married two years ago in London, and now returning after visiting your Polish friends in Nikoletz. Now, have you a ring that will pass muster? Let me look."

She held out her hand, shaking her head, her lips tremulous. It was a painful position, for all his exquisite tact and delicacy.

"No, none of these will do, certainly," he said; "but, luckily, I have one that will serve the purpose. Try this, child."

He drew from his little finger a handsome gold ring, with only a scroll across it, and gave it to her to try it.

It slipped on that slender third finger easily enough; but, with one of her own jewelled rings for a guard, would do, Lance said.

"And, by-the-by, my child, we had better at once drop into Christian names, I think, lest a chance 'monsieur' should arouse suspicion,"

"Eh, bien, Lance," said she, in her pretty way, and smiled; "but you have done so already—so kindly."

"Oh, yes; I am so much older than you, you see. Now for those two wolves."

But it was not till the next morning that the starving foe again approached the carcasses, and met their death.

"And now for escape," said Lance Erlestone, "before the scent of those dead brutes brings more foes."

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It was after dark when the fugitives reached the long-for haven of Schoenenberg, the Austrian frontier town; and the ordeal, a trying one for Marie, beyond the anxiety of passing the officials, had to be gone through; and, happily, no suspicions were aroused about "M. and Madame Erlestone."

Perhaps Lance's gold smoothed any possible inquiry. The sleigh was left at the hotel to be sent for shortly, and the travelers went on by diligence in a few hours. From the next town there was a railway, and Lance was doubly anxious to get his precious—ah, how very precious!—charge now to England, as quickly as possible. Every word, tone, look he guarded on that journey; honor, loyalty to his trust, made absolute reticence a matter of course, the more for the outward position forced upon them, so painful for the woman, that could cease only when they landed at Dover.

From Dover he wired to her father, at the address she had, for him to meet their train at Charing Cross. He had written to the General from Vienna.

"It all seems like a strange dream," Marie said, with a choking in her throat, when they were being whirled to London—alone, in a first-class compartment. In each the threads of control slackened insensibly with the loosening of the sterner necessity, and parting so near. Must it be parting, then?

Lance's heart was throbbing fast; he said, low and softly:

"To me a happy dream and reality in one, but for your sake I am glad it is ended."

Not for his, then!—for he could not quite banish the ring of passion from his

voice, do what he would; it quivered through the girl with a sudden new ecstacy, that sent a quick flush to her cheek, and made her eyes droop, as they met for a second the deep glow in his—the light a woman sees only in the eyes of the man who loves her.

"Marie!" he said, under his breath, and caught her hand; "must it all be only as a dream? May no part of it be a reality—for life? Ah, my love!"

"Oh, Lance!" it was half a sob, as he wrapped her passionately to his heart, and kissed the soft lips again and again.

"My darling! my wife!—I loved you from the first!"

* * * * * *

When the old General Sovaloff came over in the summer, to be the guest of Lance Erlestone and his yound Polish wife, he heard the story of that terrible night's chase.

"Ah, my children; so may you always escape danger in each other's love—so may your life's journey be ever to you, in a White World."

OF THE EMERALD.

STRANGELY curious are the traditions concerning emeralds, and the way they have been guarded from falling into the hands of man. It seems as though the spirit of evil recognized the purifying influence of these stones upon the human race, and therefore put every possible obstacle in the way of those who sought them.

And oddly enough the belief that demons, griffins and wicked spirits guard the emerald mines, wherever they may be, is as potent in this nineteenth century as in time gone by. A miraculous solution of the origin of emeralds, is given in Forbes' Oriental Memoirs.

"A person was watching a swarm of fire-flies in an Indian grove one moonlight night. After hovering for a time in the moonbeams one particular fire-fly more brilliant than the rest alighted on the grass and there remained. The spectator struck by its fixity, and approaching to ascertain the cause, found not an insect but an emerald, which he appropriated and wore in a ring."

We have not yet discovered those African mines whence the ancients drew their splendid stones, and the first we have any account of are those in Scythia, where the finest Oriental emeralds were said to have their home in gold mines. But they might almost as well not have existed so impossible was it for man to force an entrance.

Access to them was strictly guarded, so goes the account, by ferocious griffins who built their nests there, and who were constantly at work in the bowels of the earth searching for gold and emeralds, which having found they would hide and never give up to ordinary mortals.

So the only thing to be done was to apply for help to a nation of pigmy Cyclops, a people with only one eye, and that in their forehead, whose home was in Scythia, near the river with golden sands, and whose occupation was to wage war against their natural enemies the griffins, monstrous animals that robbed them of the gold of their river and the emeralds of their mines.

These fictions are testified to as facts by Pliny and Strabo and other well known authorities. It is therefore no wonder that the mystery which enveloped the finding of the emerald should so long have remained undispelled.

Only a little more than seventy years ago when Monsieur Caillard was working the Mount Zsbarah emerald mines in Egypt, he discovered that the superstitious fears and fancies which had ruled the people of long ago were now fully possessed by the Arabs, a deputation of whom waited upon him in order to caution him against sleeping near the emerald caves, as they were the refuge of snakes, wolves, and other beasts of prey, and more especially the abode of demons who would resent his intrusion.

There can be no doubt emeralds were known in remote ages, for necklaces of these beautiful stones have been discovered in Etruscan tombs, at Herculaneum and at Pompeii, as well as in the excavations of old Rome.

Evidently the ancient Egyptians used the emerald largely, for M. Caillard discovered the caves and mines in which they worked; and some of them were so large that four hundred men could work side by side; he found ropes, lamps, levers and tools of many kinds which they had evidently employed.

Many fine emeralds have come from Siberia; the first of them was found accidentally in 1830 by a charcoal burner at the foot of a tree on the east side of the Ural.

The Tyrolean Alps are rich in emeralds although there is no systematic working of them. Near Salzburg, for example, they are found embedded in mica slate in the sides of two tall perpendicular rocks, which are so steep as to be accessible to few, who, willing to risk their lives, choose to let themselves down by means of ropes or selten and remain suspended over the frightful chasm while they detach the emeralds with their tools.

Among those who have thus ventured is a woman, who had her reward in the number of fine emeralds she secured.

For the last two centuries and more our finest emeralds have come from Pern. The great Muzo mine is a sort of tunnel of about one hundred yards deep, with very inclined walls. Mr. Streeter says that on the summit of the mountains and quite near to the mouth of the mine are large lakes shut off by means of water gates, which can be easily shifted when the miners require water.

The matrix of the emerald is here a sort of pitchy limestone rich in carbon and embedded in red sandstone and clay slate. "To obtain the emeralds," Mr. Streeter continues, "the workmen begin by cutting steps on the inclined walls of the mine in order to get firm resting places for their feet. The overseer places the men at certain distances from each other to cut a wide step with the help of pick-axes. The loosened stones fall by their own weight to the bottom of the mine. When this begins to fill, a sign is given to let the waters loose. These rush down with great vehemence, carrying the fragments of rock with them through the mountain into the basin. This operation is repeated until the beds are exposed in which the emeralds lie. The stones are sometimes accompanied by beautiful crystals of iron pyrites. Sometimes an emerald is found in fragments, which when placed together form one beautiful crystal. Again it is not an unusual thing for the emerald to break after its separation from the matrix or home, but this can be prevented by placing the stones in a vessel for some days, and protecting them from the rays of the sun."

The emeralds occur in pockets, therefore the mining may for some time be unprofitable and disheartening, when suddenly the reward comes in a discovery of good stones.

It may be a matter of surprise that India, to which we naturally turn as the home of all things rare and beautiful, was not entrusted by mother nature with the housing and care of the emerald, which is a gem of high personal character, subtle and exquisite color, and possessing ennobling and healing virtues. India loves it and imports it, but has not the honor of producing it. It has, however, the credit of naming it—the origin of emerald being a Sanskrit word signifying green—the root of the word in Eastern tongues means a something that waves about like a bright green seaweed.

How the emerald came by its beautiful color is far from being perfectly understood, notwithstanding all that science has taught us.

There is nothing for it but to take M. Babinet's advice, which is "to admire without penetrating the secret of the unparalleled red of the ruby, the pure yellow of the topaz, the unmingled greenness of the emerald, the soft blue of the sapphire, and the rich violet of the amethyst, and be content to leave the unravelling of the mystery to posterity."

Of course the age in which we live is not barren of suggestions or lacking in opinions as to the coloring of the emerald. According to some scientific men it is derived from the decomposition of animals which have lived in a bygone age and whose remains are found fossilised in the rock which forms the home of this precious stone, while others are of opinion that the color is due to oxide of chromium.

When an emerald is possessed of a tint of beautiful quality it is one of the rarest and most precious of stones and valued at a quarter above that of the diamond of like size. It is so rare that few have ever seen a full sized perfect emerald. The following anecdote will show the value set upon it and why.

It is related by a polyglot that the brother a jeweler, received of Francesco Maria Prince of Urbino, a very large emerald [illegible] that by [illegible] was troubled with a [illegible]

A bishop writing A. D. 640, says, "The [illegible] emerald surpasses in its greenness all green stones and even the leaves of plants, and imparts to the air around it a green shimmer, and its color is most soothing to the eyes of those engaged in cutting and polishing the stone."

Pliny recognizes it as being refreshing to weak eyes. "If," he says, "the sight hath been wearied and dimmed by intentive poring upon anything else, beholding of this stone doth refresh and restore it again."

THE BREATH OF FLOWERS.—The odors of flowers do not, as a general rule, exist in them as a store or in a gland, but they are developed as an exhalation. While the flower breathes it yields fragrance, but kill the flower, and fragrance ceases.

It has not been ascertained when the discovery was made of condensing, as it were, the breath of the flower during life; what we know is, that if a living flower be placed near to butter, grease, animal fat, or oil, these bodies absorb the odor given off by the blossom, and in turn themselves become fragrant.

If we spread fresh unsalted butter upon the inside of two dessert plates, and then fill one of the plates with gathered fragrant blossoms of clematis, covering them over with the second greased plate, we shall find that in twenty-four hours the grease will become fragrant. The blossoms, though separated from the parent stem, do not die for some time, but live and exhale odor; which is absorbed by the fat.

To remove the odor from the fat, the fat must be scraped of the plates and put into alcohol; the odor then leaves the grease and enters into the spirit, which thus becomes "scent," and the grease again becomes odorless.

AN ABSTRACTED GENT.—"Old Bumblebee," was the cognomen of Mr. Thoms, of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee, one day, as he was shingling his barn, and, in attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the old fellow, on the same barn.

In one of his abstractions, he shingled over his spare hatchet; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set in a wooden pane, as being economical, and not likely to be broken.

Uncle Thoms, in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call for help to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on the gate instead of the post.

But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets, with his hands about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.

LOVE AND LABOR.—Love lives to labor: it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look in your heart and see if this is not true. If you love any one truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in the loved one's service.

Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist.

What man could see the woman he loves lack anything, and be unable to give it to her, and not suffer?

"Why love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds its delight, at whose feet it alone discovers its heaven.

There is no danger that language can be too strong or too fervently used to portray the services of love.

By cradle and couch, by sick bed and coffin, in hut and palace, the ministries of love are being wrought. The eyes of a [illegible] them; the hearts of all are moved by the spectacle.

MRS. WIGGINS: "I'm afraid I made enemies of all the callers I had to-day. I felt too miserable to entertain them." WIGGINS: "I always thought misery [illegible]

[illegible]

At Home and Abroad.

The United States Consul at Leipsic has sent a report to the State Department saying that plows in Germany are operated more cheaply by the use of electricity than by that of steam. This may be a valuable suggestion to agriculturists in this country. Hardly any possible use for electrical energy can be pronounced incredible or even surprising nowadays, and if electric plowing be commercially feasible in Germany it ought to be equally practicable in this country. Electricity has already revolutionized manufacturers, and from present indications there can be no question concerning its power to render the same service to agriculture.

A New York man bought his own despised horse back at an auction sale not many moons ago, and now a tale to match it comes from London. A man with a passion for good bargains in second-hand furniture failed to secure a wife who shared it. When the house got so full of relics that there was no room for more, selected a few pieces which she thought would not be missed and sent them to an auction room to be sold. The evening of the day of the sale came, and with it a return of all those pieces and a few more. Her husband had happened in on the sale and, not recognizing his own furniture, bought it over again at a bargain which made the terms of the original purchase sink out of sight.

A St. Louis paper says that workmen engaged in sinking an artesian well in a Colorado ranch had reached a depth of 188 feet when all of a sudden their tools appeared to penetrate a cavern filled with water under high pressure. Drills, rods, ropes and pulleys were thrown high in the air and scattered in all directions by the torrent of water which spouted from the opening. It was found that the ground around the well was literally covered with small, oyeless fish, white lizards and clear-colored bugs that had been forced up from their homes in the pent up reservoir beneath. On careful examination it was found that the water had a temperature of 88 degrees, and was strongly impregnated with medicinal salts.

According to Sir Robert Ball, in about ten million years this mundane sphere of ours will have experienced some very remarkable, not to say distressing, changes. In 5,000 years the coal measures will, he says, fail; in five million years the sun will begin to cool; and in ten million years we shall have passed out of a frozen-up, fueless existence into the same degenerate stage from which we started in our conflict with the rest of the vegetable and animal world. Flammarion, the French astronomer, has drawn attention to the gradual cooling of Europe. Even during the last six years the average temperature of Paris has been two degrees below the normal, and a similar fall is observable in the records of Great Britain, Belgium, Spain, Italy and Germany. It is a known fact that since the thirteenth century the culture of the vine has been gradually forced southward.

A fact remarkable to our civilized women is that by which Alaska squaws make their ages public. They wear a piece of wood or bone in the lower lip, the size of the ornament indicating the age of the owner. When a girl marries her lower lip is pierced and a peg of wood or a piece of bone the size of a pea is inserted. As she grows older this is increased in size, until it is almost as wide as her chin and one-fourth of an inch high. The result is naturally most unsightly. There is one interesting family at Fort Wrangel, which illustrates perfectly this peculiar custom. It includes four generations. A young girl may be seen sitting at one side of the one-roomed square frame house, while her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother are squatted on the earthen floor near the door, offering mats and baskets to the ship's passengers who come on shore. There is no disfiguring ornament on the girl's chin, but there is a big one on [illegible]

$100 Reward, $100.

[illegible]

Our Young Folks.

BLANCO'S BOY.

BY K. E. C.

QUEENIE was an only and a lonely child. That was why she had so many dolls. Her father and mother had died when she was quite tiny, and she lived all alone at "The Court" with her grandfather, who had quarreled with his only other child, his daughter, for marrying against his will. He had the gout, and was really a great deal duller than Queenie; for he had not even the companionship of the dolls, you see.

Everyone at "The Court" spoilt Queenie, and it was perhaps just as well that she had only dolls to play with; for dolls can't answer or slap back, and never want to be first in a game and only say what you like.

When Queenie and grandfather went to the seaside, she took six dolls; two babies, Master Tommy, Misses Arabella and Araminta, grown-up young-lady dolls with nearly as many frocks as Queenie—and her darling, shabby, old Molly.

It was on the sands they met Blanco and Blanco's boy, and a very unpleasant meeting that first one was.

For Blanco, bounding and barking, suddenly rushed up to Miss Arabella, sitting quietly under a dear little parasol with Miss Araminta, and, seizing her by her lovely pink silk frock, carried her off, biting and shaking her like a rat!

Queenie shrieked with terror, Mademoiselle shouted, and Blanco's Boy, who came racing along after him, stopped short and began laughing at the dog's antics. Happily, a lady followed them, and when she saw the state of affairs she called to the dog "Blanco! Blanco!" and Blanco dropped the doll.

"You are a rude dog!" exclaimed Queenie, choking with tears and indignation. "And you are a rude boy!" she added as Blanco's Boy came up; and then collecting all her family from their different seats around, she stalked off to Mademoiselle with a great air of offended dignity.

"I don't like boys or dogs either," she exclaimed. "Dolls are heaps nicer!"

A few days later, however, Queenie altered her mind a little. She sat at the window reading a fairy book. She had caught a little cold, paddling, when nurse had told her not to, and was not allowed out. She was tired of every one of the dolls, and would have liked someone to talk to. Fairies and dolls were all very well, but they were not alive.

Suddenly she looked and saw Blanco and his boy coming down the road, and when Blanco's Boy saw her, he called Blanco, and put him through his tricks, just to show Queenie that, after all, dogs were better than a row of stupid dolls, who sat still on the sands just where you put them.

Blanco was very smart with a blue ribbon round his neck, and he was very clever. He sat up, and begged, and caught, and lay dead, just as he was bid; while his boy tapped him with a little whip, and gave him his orders in French, which Queenie thought was quite as clever of him as it was of Blanco to obey them. She was sorry when the performance was over, and Blanco and his boy disappeared down to the sands to dig. Happy Blanco's boy!

Next day they met again on the sands, Blanco first, trotting along, blue ribbon and all, sniffing at the seaweed, digging in the sand with his forepaws, now and then, after the crabs which scuttled and burrowed away from him.

"Blanco's Boy," said Queenie, stopping short and looking up at him, her arms, as usual, full of dolls; "make Blanco beg!" with a little authoritative nod of her head.

Blanco's Boy looked down on her for a minute with an amused smile.

"Blanco doesn't beg for people who don't say 'please.'"

"P'ease, then, Blanco's Boy," repeated Queenie, with a pout.

"Or for people who call him a rude dog," added his master, and walked on.

"Oh! p'ease do!" and Queenie ran after him. "I'll let you carry 'Master Tommy,'" she went on, holding out her tweed-suited hero.

"I don't play with dolls'" sniffed Blanco's Boy scornfully.

"But he's a boy-doll; you'll like him," implored Queenie.

But to deaf ears. Whistling to the dog, Blanco's Boy ran off among the rocks, where Queenie might not follow.

The sea and the sands grew suddenly quiet blurred with mist in Queenie's eyes. No one had ever refused her anything before, like that.

Grandfather was a little better next morning. They wheeled him out on to the beach in a bath-chair, and Queenie went with him, and he sat and watched her build a large and beautiful sand-castle right out on the wet sand, with a moat round it, for the incoming tide to fill.

When it was finished, on the top proudly she sat her beloved Mollie, which alone of all her dolls she had been allowed to bring with her. Then, suddenly, grandfather called to her.

Up on the esplanade the Italian woman with the performing parrokeets was holding her show. Grandfather and Queenie hurried off to see, and she sat on the end of grandfather's chair.

The parrokeets were very clever, almost as clever as Blanco, and Queenie was just going to make Mollie admire them—she always talked to her dolls as if they were alive—when she suddenly found that there was no Mollie there to admire!

Mollie had been left behind on the sands, on top of the castle!

Queenie gave one look out towards the sea. The tide had risen while the birds were performing!

With a little cry of dismay, unheard by grandfather, who had dozed off while watching the show, she darted off like lightning back to the sands.

Horror! There, indeed, sat Mollie, placid and smiling as usual, on her castle, but a wide strip of water—how deep, Queenie knew not—intervened between her and her little mistress.

Just then there was a bark behind her. Blanco came along, and, after him, Blanco's Boy.

"Oh! dear, nice Blanco's Boy!" cried Queenie, rushing up and seizing his hands, "p'ease, p'ease, p'ease! make Blanco go and fetch my dollie—my dearest of all my dollies!"

It was quite impossible to resist her, and in less time than it takes to tell, clever Blanco had rushed in to the rescue, half wading, half swimming, and triumphantly brought back Mollie in his mouth. At a word from his master, he laid her at Queenie's feet.

Grandfather's voice was heard calling behind. They had missed her, and the footman had wheeled him back again to the beach. Queenie ran up to him, cuddling Mollie with one hand and dragging Blanco's master by the other.

"G'an'pa'! G'an'pa'! Do fank this nice boy of Blanco's, what's saved Mollie! She got forgotten and would have been d'ounded, quite, if he hadn't sent his dear doggie in to fetch her!"

"Indeed! Well, I'm sure we're very much obliged to you, Queenie, Mollie, and I, Blan—Blan—what's your name, eh?"

And then grandfather started and leant forward in his chair, amazed, while Queenie gazed open-mouthed in astonishment. For the two first names that Blanco's Boy gave were those of her dead father, and the third a surname she had never heard.

But ere anyone could say anything, a voice was heard calling Blanco's Boy by name.

"Mother, I'm coming!" he replied, and the lady who had befriended Arabella from Blanco, came down the esplanade path, but stopped short when she saw the group round the bath-chair.

Queenie laid a detaining hand on Blanco's Boy.

"Don't go. Stop and dig with me, do! G'an'pa', ask Blanco's Boy and Blanco to stay and play with me—I'm so dull with only dollies."

For all answer grandfather drew Blanco's Boy gently to his chair and stroked his curly mop of a head.

"Go," he said, calling him by his real name, in a voice that shook him. "Go and ask your mother to come and tell me if you may stay—and say your grandfather sends you!"

LOST—A KITTEN.

BY F. L.

TEN shillings reward: that's what she's offering for it

"Ten shillings, Mr Carson?"

"That's it, my lass. Miss May's rare fond o' that little Persian. I can tell 'ee, and there's been a great to-do up at the Hall about it. 'Carson,' says old cousheto me, 'you keep your eye open for a little long-haired, bushy-tailed, black and white kitten,' says he, 'an' it'll mean half a sufforin' to you!' Well, there! I mustn't stop talkin' here; I'm late as 'tis. Good-bye, missy." And with a kindly nod the carrier shook his horse into a trot.

Mollie stood watching him for a few moments as the cart disappeared round the bend of the road, and turned slowly to go indoors. If mother were not very busy, she thought, perhaps she might be able to run out, say, for half an hour. The kitten could not have gotten very far by that time; and ten shillings!—well, there was so much one could do with ten shillings. Her mother's voice broke in sharply upon her thoughts.

"Mollie, I must go down to the town this morning, and I don't expect I can get back much before dinner. So you will stay in, dear, won't you, and look after everything? You can sit outside with your book," added Mrs. Rowan, "but don't on any account leave the garden."

An ugly frown gathered on the little girl's forehead, but she choked down her disappointment bravely.

"Very well, mother," she answered; "I won't go away."

Half an hour later Mollie sat gloomily on one of the stone steps of the cottage, her best doll, Rosalie, lying unheeded in her arms. It was really very hard to have to stay in, this fine, sunny day, and when she had such an opportunity of earning money, too. The sound of merry voices from the station meadow reached her ears, and something very like a tear trickled down Mollie's.

Would it matter much, she wondered, if she ran out just a few moments? Mother, probably, would never ask what she had been doing. And yet—something told her it was wrong. A fierce struggle went on within her, and for a brief minute she wavered. For a brief minute, that was all; and then the promise she had given to her mother came into her mind, and she shut her lips tight. She would keep her word.

The hours seemed to drag by very slowly. Molly leaned comfortably back against the door-post, in the hot sun, and let her eyes close gently. It was a cosy corner, and by and-by her head fell gradually forward, and down, down over Rosalie—when a piteous little "mew" made her start up in alarm. There it was again—louder, and quite close at hand.

Mollie threw herself down on her knees, and peered eagerly into the thick clump of laurels whence the sound appeared to come. Then she groped about with one hand carefully, until she touched something soft and furry, and her heart gave a great leap. What if it were the lost kitten! She drew the half frightened little mite gently out from under the laurels, and cuddled it to her breast. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. A pretty little long-haired, bushy-tailed, black and white kitten, Mr. Carson had said. Then she had found it!

"I did so want to go and look for it, mother," said Mollie, as they sat together at dinner; "but—but I couldn't!"

"That's my good little girl," said her mother with a kiss; "I knew I could trust you. But you shall go out with me this afternoon, dear, and we'll take the kitten up to the Hall."

"Oh, yes, mother; and won't Miss May be pleased!" she laughed. "I know what I shall do; I shall put it all in the bank!"

But that, of course, was not the kitten.

FOWL REARING IN CHINA.—The breeding and rearing of fowls is an important industry in China, as they form a very considerable portion of the daily food of the better class of the people. The varieties of fowls are few in number.

The principal are the Yangchow fowl, a large bird of good flavor, which weighs from four to six pounds. This variety is a good layer and setter, the eggs being of brownish tinge and good size. It lays, during eight or nine months of the year, about two hundred eggs, ceasing only in the hot summer months.

This description is kept more for the table than for laying purposes, as its flesh is particularly good. The Chow is another variety. A pure white cock of this breed is always carried on the coffin at a native funeral cortege, and is sacrificed at the grave.

Also on native boats a cock bird is killed on the Chinese New Year's Day, and the blood is sprinkled on the bow to propitiate evil spirits and to ensure good luck during the year.

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Sweden has a deaf and dumb corps of the Salvation Army. Four meetings are held weekly.

The largest clock is said to be in Buffalo, N. Y. Its dial plate is twenty five feet in diameter.

An exhibition of lithographs will be held in Paris next year to celebrate Senefelder's discovery of lithography, in 1796.

The largest sponge ever sent to market was from the Mediterranean. It was ten feet in circumference and three in diameter.

The city of San Salvador, capital of the Central American republic of the same name, is called the Swinging Mat, on account of its numerous earthquakes.

The State University of Montana is said to have adopted as its colors copper, silver and gold. The combination is not only showy, but intensely patriotic.

One of the Rothschilds is quoted as saying that there will be more chances to make money in America during the next five years than in any other section of the globe.

Cars in which aluminium will be used for all metal work, save the wheels and axles, are to be put on the State railroads of France. The saving in weight or an ordinary train will be thirty tons.

It is said that the sweeping of the streets of Paris costs about $1,340,000 a year. The pay of a sweeper is about 7 cents an hour. The annual cost of watering the streets is said to be about $400,000.

It is said that every man, woman and child who lives at Point San Pedro, California, is a bleached blonde. This peculiar condition of affairs is due to the chemicals used in the powder factory at that place.

The first account of tobacco was published in 1496 by a Spanish monk, Romanus Pane, who had accompanied Columbus to America, but it does not seem that Europeans smoked the weed until 1535.

The nearest approach to perfection which has ever been obtained in a book is said to be in the case of a Spanish firm of publishers, who have produced a work in which only one letter has been misplaced.

Although Vermont has for several years offered the liberal bounty of $15 on bears, the animals are still found upon the mountains, and, in the opinion of hunters and trappers, are growing in numbers in that section.

No more sky-scrapers can be erected in San Francisco. The supervisors have decided to limit the height of all new buildings to 130 feet where the street is 100 or more feet wide, and to 100 feet in height on streets that are narrower.

A farmer of Albany, Ore., is exhibiting a bunch of 42 stalks of wheat, with 924 meshes and about 3500 grains, which grew from a single kernel. Another farmer, in Cedar Rapids, Neb., has a cucumber five feet long and still growing.

A joint stock company has recently been established in Japan, the chief object of which is to float sunken ships. The first work contemplated is the floating of several Chinese men-of-war sunk by the Japanese fleet during the recent war.

During a recent thunderstorm in Berlin an interesting effect on an electric train was noticed at night. All the electric lamps inside and outside the carriages were extinguished every time the lightning flashed, and the passengers remained a few moments in complete darkness. Then the lamps rekindled.

The Patent Office has been furnished with a model of a patent for a system of building houses upon pivots, so that in the case of a coming cyclone or tempest the wind turns the house round till, at a certain point, it touches a cannon, which by a mechanical contrivance is at once automatically fired. This will, it is calculated, disperse the storm.

The Mayor of Chicago is eloquent in his advocacy of the underground electric conduit system as contrasted with the trolley. He says, however, that as the underground system costs about $40,000 a mile, while the present overhead trolley system can be constructed for about $8000 a mile, the companies have 32,000 reasons per mile for clinging to the overhead trolley wires.

An impecunious German, a citizen of Munich, finding himself short of funds, had recourse to the following novel scheme for raising the wind. He ordered a confectioner to make a cake for his birthday, containing, as a surprise, a lining of new twenty-pfennig pieces. The German's financial stringency was relieved, but up to the time of writing the confectioner is still looking for his money.

North America is certainly the land of marvels. In Arizona there is a petrified forest covering some 2000 acres. The tree trunks are enormous, the largest being about ten feet in diameter. One tree, 150 feet long, spans a chasm, and is, in consequence, called the "Agate Bridge." Cart loads of the petrified wood are carried away daily to be pulverized to serve in place of emery powder. To such an extent is this done that the entire destruction of the curious district is inevitable.

BESIDE THE SEA.

BY W. W. LONG.

The wash of waves roll up the sands,
With tint of golden gleam,
A purple haze lies in the east,
And hides the land of dream.

A stately cloud of blue and white
Floats downward to the west;
The ceaseless music of the sea
Lulls me to quiet rest.

BAMBOO AND ITS USE.

A museum or an exhibition arranged for the single purpose of illustrating the innumerable and varied uses to which the bamboo is put would be neither a small nor an uninteresting one. Exterminate the bamboo, and the poor Chinaman is deprived of his big sun-hat, and the wealthier Chinaman of the soles of his shoes. But although we are inclined to associate bamboo chiefly with the Chinese, yet it is hardly if at all less important to the natives of India, the Malays, the Dyaks of Borneo, and the Japanese.

The gracefulness and beauty of its foliage render it an irresistibly attractive subject to the Japanese artist. And, indeed, hardly a fitter frame could be desired to an outline of Fusiyama, the Peerless Mountain, than a cluster of slender bamboos gracefully arching the foreground. Hardly a screen, fan, vase, or lacquer tray but probably owes more or less of its decoration to the feathery leafage of the bamboo.

The Chinese cultivate it in plantations. They have a method of keeping the shoots cut down close to the ground for three years, not allowing them to grow until the fourth. These young shoots, besides being boiled and serving as fresh vegetables, are also preserved by different methods, being either candied or pickled.

One of the medicines of Chinese physicians, called "tabachir," is extracted from the bamboo, being developed from a fluid secreted in the joints. But if the leaves possessed the wonderful properties claimed for them, there would be no need to extract "tabachir." A charm against sickness or misfortune has only to be written on a bamboo leaf, the leaf burnt, and the ashes mixed with tea and drunk.

Whilst speaking of it as food and medicine, a more direct application may be mentioned: administered externally in the form of bastinado, bamboo has extinguished the life of many an unhappy wretch, depriving him of the existence which it might also have been the means of supporting. A most barbarous form of punishment consists in tying down the victim over several growing bamboo stumps cut down close to the ground and sharpened to a point. In "pidgin-English," "Bamboo chow-chow" is a term expressing the application of the rod.

In some places, bamboo forms the only material in the construction of a house. The framework consists of poles lashed together with long strips of the outer fibre; the roof is thatched with the leaves, the walls are of matting, and for flooring the largest poles are split into narrow strips. In Borneo the houses are built thus, and there also the same material is exclusively used in the construction of pathways round the faces of precipices, and of bridges spanning the streams and gorges.

Some of these native bridges are formed of a single bamboo for a footway, and a smaller one for a handrail—the very simplification of a bridge. These bridge-builders smoke tobacco-pipes which are a kind of large hubble-bubble formed of the same material as their houses and bridges.

More than thirteen centuries ago, in the year 550, a small hollow bamboo cane—so it is said—formed the packing-case in which the first silkworms' eggs were smuggled from China to Constantinople by two Persian monks in the service of the Emperor Justinian.

Some of the oldest Chinese books consisted simply of strips of bamboo pared thin, upon which the writing was scratched. And to-day, paper is made from the inner part of the stem beaten into a pulp. From this paper the thick soles of Chinese shoes are made. From the fibre also is manufactured a very light, cool material, which not only the Chinaman but the European resident uses for summer clothing, the only difference being in the fashion of the garments.

The rain-coats which in wet weather make the coolies and the jinricsha and sampan-men look like strange big bedraggled birds, are made simply of dried bamboo leaves. The leaves also serve as bedding for cattle, and the shavings are used to stuff pillows and beds. Ropes and cables are made from the fibre, and masts from the poles. One species has so hard a surface that it can be used for a whetstone. On the busy wharfs where steamers load or discharge, the weight of heavy loads is distributed amongst a dozen or more coolies by an ingenious but simple arrangement of bamboo poles.

In the same way, large blocks of stone are transported as rapidly as one can walk. Burdens light enough for one man are carried suspended from either end of a bamboo carried across the shoulder. But a load for two men would be slung from the centre, each man taking an end of the pole on his shoulder. In this way, pigs, poultry and vegetables go to the market; and the hawkers and itinerant restaurants transport their stall about the streets.

One of the simplest and at the same time prettiest uses of bamboo is probably familiar to every reader in the form of the ordinary Japanese fan. A piece of bamboo about a foot long with a joint in the middle is taken. One half forms the handle; and the other half, split down to the joint into numerous fine strips, which, being spread out, form the frame-work upon which the paper is pasted. And frequently enough, its only decoration will be a simple, boldly drawn spray of bamboo. In front of nearly every tombstone in a Japanese cemetery may be seen a short length of bamboo forming a very simple vase, containing a small branch of green leaves or a few flowers.

It would be tedious to do more than enumerate all the miscellaneous articles which bamboo enters into the construction of—such as handles for pens, brushes and agricultural tools; holders for pens or joss-sticks; fishing-rods, water-pipes, carved tobacco-boxes, mats, sedan-chairs, stools, flutes, shopkeepers' measures of both length and capacity, and a host of other articles literally "too numerous to mention."

Grains of Gold.

Method will teach us to win time.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.

We live no more of our time here than we live well.

About the most dangerous deception is self deception.

Growth in grace is not promoted by finding faults in others.

Men ain't apt to get kicked out of good society for being rich.

It is not how much we have but how much we enjoy that makes happiness.

If we do not learn from little trials, the lesson may have to be taught in great ones.

The rode to Ruin is always kept in good repair, and the travelers pay the expense of it.

We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books.

If a man begins life by being a first lieutenant in his family, he need never to look for promotion.

The world needs people who will do right without first stopping to find out what others are going to do.

Sow a thought and reap an action; sow an action and reap a habit; sow a habit and reap a character; sow a character and reap a destiny.

Femininities.

One of the best-paid governesses in Europe is the young English woman who has charge of the little King of Spain. She receives $4500 a year.

Probably the most thoughtful daughter in the world lives in Atchison. Though twenty-five years of age, she still wears her hair down her back to keep her mother looking young.

This had been a bad year or two for women sovereigns. The Queen of Hawaii deposed, the one of Madagascar driven from her capital by the French and the Queen of Corea murdered.

Queen Sophia, of Sweden, is one of the most enthusiastic friends and promoters of the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army also is receiving tokens of imperial favor at St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Langtry has a pet dog which carries her initials on its back. The dog barber, when shaving the animal according to fashion, leaves sufficient hair on its back to form the initials "L. L."

Mrs. Justwed: "Before you do anything else, George, I should like to get you to put up a stovepipe for me." George: "All right, my dear; just wait a minute, please, until I give my hands a wash."

Haniczka Selezka, a Bohemian woman, said to be the inventor of the polka, is still alive and vigorous, although sixty-five years have elapsed since she first gave public exhibition of her dance in a farm house at Costelac.

An Englishman claims to have invented a safety purse for ladies. It has two straps, one of which is attached to a ring that slips over the finger, while the other ends in a narrow band of leather that clasps round the waist. It is impossible to drop it or have it wrenched away.

There is a thirteen-year-old girl in Maine who has the sleeping habit. She has got so far along that she can sleep twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. But that is nothing. I know a man who went to sleep before he was born, and, although he is now forty, I don't believe he has been really wide awake once in all that time.

Sarah, the famous Duchess of Marlborough, once called on Murray (afterwards Lord Mansfield), when he happened to be out. "I could not make out, sir, who she was," said the clerk, describing her Grace's appearance and manner, for she would not tell me her name; but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality."

"Strange as it may appear," says M. de Guerville in his account of Japanese women, a kiss is an unknown thing in Japan—not unknown to the gay maidens of Yokohama, Kobe or Nagasaki, who have so much to do for the amusement of foreigners, but unknown to the Japanese in general. A lover never kisses his sweetheart, a mother never kisses her child."

A novel combined patent belt and automatic dress lift, by which dresses can instantly be raised any distance without stooping or moving the body, is now being sold. The dress will remain in the raised position any length of time without holding, the hands being left entirely free. These belts are made in various kinds of leather, velvet, silk canvas, etc., in all patterns and colors. Clips are entirely dispensed with, and when the device is in use no cords are visible.

Old age is honorable in China, and the consequence is that the women of the Flowery Kingdom know how to grow old gracefully; at least, they do it without outward and visible protest. When the summers and winters of four or five decades have whitened her hair and contracted her features, the Chinese woman makes no effort to conceal the ravages of time. She ceases to make her toilet of any account; her garments are extremely plain, and her hair smoothed back without ornament or flower, jewel or pin to hide its faded lustre. This is universal, no matter what the rank of the woman.

French actresses are very pertinacious about concealing their ages, as a matter of course. One of the most celebrated of the ladies, was summoned before a court the other day to bear witness in favor of some cosmetic assailed for poison by victims and their physicians. All the youngest actresses of Paris were there, and they reckoned upon a good deal of merriment and profit when she came to disclose her age. She was called to the stand, sworn, gave her name and profession. When the judge said, "How old are you?" she quietly wrote with her fan, went up to the bench, stood on tip-toe and whispered in the judge's ear the malicious secret. The bench smiled, and kept her secret.

The Empress of Austria, so gossips say, intends giving up much of the violent exercises which she has persisted in for so many years, and is about to assume a role that her age suggests as more suitable. Her health is very uncertain, and her figure, upon which she prided herself, is losing some of its beauties of contour. Her Majesty at one time boasted of a waist of only twenty inches in circumference—the smallest in Europe—and claimed that it was not the product of a corset, but of swinging by her hands from a trapeze bar. Fencing, gymnastics, and field sports certainly developed her figure marvellously, and she was possessed of surprising agility and athletic grace for a woman.

Masculinities.

Wiggie: "What inscription did they put on Henpeck's tombstone?" Waggie: "At Peace."

The Duke of Marlborough is having the lakes around Blenheim dredged at a cost of $30,000

It is surprising how high the railway fares seem when a young man contemplates taking a bridal tour.

At last accounts the Emperor William was traveling with 108 uniforms, two tailors and one presser to keep them in order.

Mr. Brown: "What was that noise in the parlor?" Mrs. Brown: "I do hope it was not Clara breaking her engagement with young Mr. Gotrox."

"Well, we have a feminine attorney among us now," said one lawyer to another. "Yes," was the reply. "What relation is she to us—a sister-in-law?"

The "new women" are coming to the front in Finland, too. They have formed volunteer fire brigade in Helsingfors and other towns and have done first-rate work.

The Emperor of Austria recently made Kaiser Wilhelm a General of the Hungarian cavalry. The honor means another uniform for the Kaiser. He can now dress in scarlet with a white dolman.

It may not be generally known that Mark Twain has tried his hand as an inventor, and with some success. In 1871 he patented a stray for suspending trousers, and has taken out a number of patents of recent date.

"There's money in stocks," said the man who is young and enthusiastic. "Yes," replied his seasoned friend, "I'm sure there is. I have been putting half my salary there for the last four years, and that's all there yet."

A correspondent of the European edition of the New York Herald says that a story is afloat that the primary cause of the much regretted illness of the Czarewitch was over-exertion, due to boxing with his cousin, Prince George of Greece.

Music-teacher: "Oh, yes, Miss Clotilda likes playing tunes well enough; but she shudders at the very mention of the scales!" Retired cheese monger's wife, loftily: "I should hope so indeed! You'll bear in mind, sir, that we have nothing to do with business now."

The French artist Cham pays his respects to American cashiers as follows: An applicant presents himself at a banker's: "I have been a cashier in America." "Very well; you ran away with the cash box, and consequently you cannot return there. It is a safeguard, and I will employ you."

A curious accident befell Allen L. Clare in Sacramento, Cal., recently. While driving along the streets a trolley wire broke and fell to the ground. In its descent it touched Clare on the tip of the ear, completely destroying his hearing and the sight of one eye. There was no sign of a burn where the wire touched him.

At a sale in Cheshire, England, some time ago there were sold some interesting relics of Christopher Columbus. They consist of a piece of rock from Columbus' house at San Domingo and portions of the two forts he erected at Isabella and Conception de la Vega. These relics are said to be authentic, and were collected by the British Consul at San Domingo.

President Timothy Dwight, of Yale, says that the number of poor young men who are working their way through college is larger than ever before and is increasing every year. He says: "There is no place where a man is more esteemed for what he is and what he does than at college. The man who in part supports himself is just as much respected as those who have easier times in their college years."

The Rev. W. Williams, in his "Personal Reminiscences of C. H. Spurgeon," tells an anecdote about the great preacher as a smoker. Some gentleman wrote to Mr. Spurgeon saying "he had heard he smoked, and could not believe it was true. Would Mr. Spurgeon write and tell him if it really was so?' The reply sent was as follows: 'Dear ——, I cultivate my flowers and burn my weeds. Yours truly, C. H. Spurgeon."

A London paper says that the other day when Leopold, King of the Belgians, on returning to his hotel in Paris he found a large crowd gathered in front of it. Mixing himself with the people, he asked them what they were waiting for. "Oh," they exclaimed "we want to see the King—that's all." "Then wait a little longer," he rejoined, "and I will point him out to you." Thereon he disappeared, but shortly after showed himself at the window, to the joy of the spectators.

Men who look for places where there is nothing to do but draw their salary are not so visionary after all, for the late English Admiral Drummond held such a snap. He was Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, the only duty of which was that the incumbent should occasionally knock on the door of the House of Commons to summon the members to the House of Lords to hear the Royal assent given to bills. For this infrequent use of his knuckles Admiral Drummond received $10,000 a year, with his house, board, and may be washing, thrown in.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Braid and fur are being used largely on the gowns which are now being shown. Chinchilla, especially, is very attractively displayed on the full round velvet capes. The fashionable collars to these garments are high at the back, presenting a full front of fur, with corners turning upwards to the face in a very snug manner. White satin is still a favored lining for the handsomest cloth and velvet capes, although the fancy silks, especially small checks, are a great deal more useful for ordinary wear, and positively look equally as stylish. Sable will be rather more to the fore than formerly.

The most fashionable sealskin jackets this winter are being made with full short basques, double breasted, with enormous visible buttons and huge sleeves and cuffs; usually these are lined with rich satin brocades.

Turning from coats to the many pretty gowns, we notice that the majority of them are trimmed with fur, and in some instances with handsome braided designs, besides a slight introduction of fur also. One particularly worthy of admiration consisted of dark green cloth. The ample skirt had a gold cord worked up each seam and round the edge, while the waist had a wide collar and epaulettes edged with mink and prettily braided.

Another very elegant gown was trimmed with chinchilla. This also comprised a blue velvet muff and shoulder cape, being lined with a light shade of check silk and having an extra underskirt of the same.

A cosy walking dress is composed of a plain skirt moderately full and a stylish double breasted coat made of Persian lamb, a fur that is much in vogue just now. A gown is of taffetas changeant glace, blue and black, with a plain skirt and wide sleeves to match. The bodice of violet taffetas is trimmed with insertions of embroidered tulle cut in creneaux. The belt and collar band are of mauve with bows at the back. The black straw hat is trimmed with black wings and ribbons.

A very stylish gown is fashioned of jonquil colored crepon, having a design in tea roses and foliage. The skirt is plain. The front of the bodice droops slightly, while the back is snugly fitted. The collar band and bretelles are of crepon. The rather broad waistband of jonquil satin terminates in the back with two high coques and two long pans descending on the skirt. The large chapeau is garnished with a scarf of poudre soie Nil, draped around the crown and drawn up in back with large bows of leaf green ribbon and tea roses, a quantity of black feathers on the crown and falling down the sides.

A very pretty gown is made of gris-bleu alpaca with a plain skirt. The blouse bodice has a pleat trimmed with three sprigs of gold work and epaulettes of lace. The belt of white taffetas has long flips falling on the front of the skirt. The black hat is drawn back on the side and back with a cache peigne of roses and a piquet of roses on the side, and trimmed with a bunch of black feathers.

A very ravissante gown was made in pink poult de soie. The corsage had a large pleat in front, ornamented with six buttons in old stones. In the upper part were two rows of cream colored lace at each side of the pleat. The broad belt and tour de cou were in white satin ribbon. The hat was in faille d'Italie, trimmed with roses in front and with an aigrette of white satin and a knot of black velvet.

Another stylish toilette is made of black and white pekin glace, the wide skirt being void of adornment. The corsage is covered with cream tinted lace, forming also shoulders on the very bouffante sleeves, which are adorned at the elbow with choux of mauve colored taffeta. The tour de cou is garnished with choux of the black and white pekin glace. The high ceinture is of mauve taffeta. The black chapeau is trimmed with guirlandes de choux, and mauve ribbon round the top, with a heart in bright stones and piquets of plumes.

The new collars are worthy of attention. They cleverly display the modiste's art and also her heartlessness. For the latest Parisian creations known as collars are said to be as uncomfortable as they are original. But the novelty of the new gowns are dependent largely upon them, hence they are not to be ignored.

Novelty in their aim, and to attain this end feathers, lace, jewels, ribbons and fur tails are brought into combination. The variety of styles in vogue is so great that they vary from an historical neck adornment to a simple silk ruffle.

To see them at their best one must get a back view of the maiden of the period. No matter how simple a collar may appear in front it is pretty certain to develop some eccentricity before it reaches the extreme back. It is there that a plain stock develops with a bow of astonishing proportions or is finished with a cluster of fur tails or some other odd device.

A ribbon stock of velvet or silk is the usual foundation upon which the new collars are built. They are then jewelled, lace trimmed or adorned with feathers or fur.

However, women need not despair, for there are many simple collar novelties this season, as well as these elaborate creations. The Pierrot ruff, which is high in favor, is nothing but an unassuming little ruffle, and the idea of finishing the neck with just a plain frill of silk or lace is high in favor with some of the most fashionable women. Other new collars, which, if not so plain, are almost as comfortable, have a stock of medium height made of soft satin, and from this fur tails hang down over the corsage in clusters. Plain bands of iridescent galloon finish the neck of some of the new cloth gowns, and others show a stock of ribbon laid in tiny plaits.

Many of the Parisian tailor-made frocks have a stock collar of embossed leather. A French cloth walking costume recently seen was deep mauve in color with a stock collar in white leather embroidered with a conventional design in green.

It is invariably the color which makes or mars the costume, and yet women will persist in wearing any color which Dame Fashion proclaims the vogue. The same style of collar cannot possibly be becoming to all types of women, and the sooner women learn this the better dressed they will appear. A sensible plan is to wear a modified form of the fashionable collar, changed to suit the individual requirements of the wearer. Women with short, fat necks should avoid the collar with appendages which reach to the ears, while women of a crane-like neck should hesitate before donning the gown cut somewhat low and finished with a simple little silk ruffle.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Mildew may be removed in the following manner: First by brushing off any loose mildew, then rubbing in common salt, afterwards sprinkling liberally with powdered chalk and moistening with clean, cold water. After this dry slowly in the open air, rinse, and if the marks are still there repeat the process. It may be necessary to do this several times, but in the end the spots will be removed.

In repairing or altering cotton clothing it is vexatious to find that the machine stitching has shrunken, drawing the seams, hems, stitches, etc., into puckers. The teacher of dressmaking in one of the largest educational institutions in the country teaches her pupils to overcome this by soaking the spool of thread over night in a glass of water, then standing it where it will dry, and it is ready for use. She also says to oil colored thread thoroughly with machine oil to make it stronger and have it work easier. Try both of these ways, and see if you are pleased with the result.

The best laundry aprons are made of rubber cloth of blue or brown denim. The former is to be preferred, because it best protects the dress against a wetting.

Cultivate the habit of breathing through the nose and taking deep breaths. If this habit were universal there is little doubt that pulmonary affections would be decreased one-half. An English physician calls attention to the fact that deep and forced respiration will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather, no matter how thinly one may be clad.

To tell whether a thermometer accurately does its work invert the instrument. If the mercury does not fall to the end, or if it breaks into several small columns, the thermometer contains air and is inaccurate. If perfectly made, the slender thread should fill the tube, or should break off at the bulb and fall to the end of the tube.

Soft, natural looking waves of hair are made by rolling the hair over large, soft papers or kid curlers, rolling from the top of the curl towards the end. The hairs should be wet and left on the rolls over night. If that is not done, pinch the curls with a hot iron. If you wish to have the hair set out around the face, turn the teeth of your combs to the face, not away from it. Catch them through the end of your waves and you can "fluff" the hair as little or as much as you choose. Neither small papers nor curling irons should be used by women who wish to wave or curl the hair artistically, as nothing is more unbecoming to even a beautiful face than small "kinky" waves or curls.

A nice way to keep wax for the work basket is to fill shells of English walnuts with melted wax, fastening the two half shell closely together at one end. There will then be a small space at the other end, through which the thread will slip when the wax is being used.

Peas Pudding.—Wash in several waters one pound of split peas; tie them up quite loosely in a cloth and put them on in plenty of cold water to boil for two hours till quite soft. Take them out and rub them through a sieve, and add to them one ounce butter, one egg; salt and pepper to taste; tie all up quite tightly in a cloth, and boil one hour longer. Then turn out and use hot; half a teaspoonful of baking soda may be added to the water they are first boiled in.

Cheese Custard.—This is really a plain Welsh rarebit. Take one half pound or about two cups of cheese shared finely, and stir it into one half cup of hot milk. When the cheese melts add a beaten egg and season with a half-teaspoonful each of salt and mustard. Have ready some slices of toasted bread and pour the hot cheese over it and serve at once, as this dish should be eaten the moment it is ready to serve.

Bacon, Cabbage and Potatoes.—About one and a half pounds of a knuckle of a ham, one cabbage, six or eight potatoes. Soak the bacon for an hour or two, and scrape it thoroughly, wash it well, and put it in a big pot with plenty of cold water. Let it boil for two hours, then have the cabbage cut in eight pieces, like the lilths of an orange, and put it in and boil for half an hour; add the potatoes, very nicely pared, and boil till they are ready; skin the bacon and put it in a large dish, put the cabbage and the potatoes round it, and a little of the liquid for sauce.

Chocolate Charlotte.—Whip and remove the froth from one quart of cream and drain it on a sieve. Soak one fourth of a box of gelatine in one fourth cupful of cold cream for fifteen minutes, then add one third cupful of hot cream. Cook one and a half squares of chocolate over hot water, and add one-third cupful of granulated sugar and three tablespoonfuls of hot water; add to this one-third cupful of powdered sugar. Stir it until it thickens slightly, when the whip should be carefully folded in; then add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Line a mould with lady fingers, turning the split side out, then pour in the mixture and chill.

Apple Marmalade.—Four pounds of sugar, four pounds of apples, three teacups of water, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon; pare, core, and slice the apples, and put them in a pan with the water; stew till they are perfectly soft and quite a pulp, then add the sugar and cinnamon, and boil for half an hour, stirring very often to prevent burning; put in jars and cover for use.

A German Salad.—Cut a boiled lobster into good-sized pieces, place it in a salad bowl, cover over three hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, then a teaspoonful of onion juice, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Tear solid lettuce leaves and sprinkle over. Now put into a bowl, teaspoonful of salt, quarter of pepper, a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce. Mix and add gradually four tablespoonfuls of oil, the two of tarragon vinegar, another of oil, and when well mixed pour over the ingredients. Turn upside down until well blended and serve.

Vegetable Marrow Preserve.—Two vegetable marrows, crystallized sugar, two lemons, essence of ginger. Wash and dry the marrows, and pare them rather thickly; cut them in quarters, and remove all the seeds and inner part. Put those and the skins into a jelly pan covered with water, and boil them for half an hour, and then strain. Now cut the marrow all up into pieces about two inches long and one square, and weigh it all. Take one pound of sugar to each pound of marrow, and for each two pounds one lemon. Now put the sugar into a preserving pan, and add to each pound of the sugar one teacupful of the liquid got by boiling the skins and the inner part of the marrows. Let this boil up; add the rind grated and the juice of the lemons. Now add all the marrow and one dessertspoonful of essence of ginger. Let the whole boil from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour till the pieces of marrow look transparent. Taste if it is sufficiently flavored with ginger, and put it into jars.

Plum Catsup.—To four pounds of plums, allow one pound of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of pepper and a little salt. Put the plums over the stove and wash, then strain through a colander, put back over the fire and add sugar and spices, and cook until thick enough. Bottle tight.

Oyster Cutlets.—Oyster cutlets are excellent as a course for luncheon. To make them, chop very fine a half pint of oysters. Soak two teaspoonfuls of cracker crumbs in the oyster liquor and mix with the prepared oysters and a cupful of the white meat of chicken, chopped fine. Place in a saucepan over the fire a tablespoonful of butter, and when it is melted stir into it a tablespoonful of flour. Add the oyster and chicken mixture and stir a few moments. Add two eggs well beaten. Mix thoroughly and take from the fire. Turn on a platter to cool. When the mixture has become cool butter a cutlet mould and cover with bread crumbs. Pack with the cold mixture, and turn out on a dish sprinkled with crumbs. When all the material has been moulded, dip the cutlets into beaten egg and then in crumbs. Cook in boiling fat until a nice brown. Drain on paper. Serve very hot with the following sauce: Put three tablespoonfuls butter into a saucepan. When melted, add the same quantity of flour and beat together. Add gradually one pint of white stock. Season with some sprigs of parsley, a piece of mace, one small onion and a few pepper corns. Let it simmer twenty minutes, then strain and put it over the fire once more. Add half a cup of rich milk and salt to the taste.

Rice Cups.—Wash one cup of rice, throw it into two quarts of boiling water, and boil rapidly thirty minutes; drain, put it into a double boiler with one pint of milk, and cook for thirty minutes longer. By this time it should be quite dry. Garnish the bottom of the custard cups with any small fruit, pack the rice into the cup, turn it out quickly and pour over a soft custard.

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The complete novel in the October issue of "Lippincott's" is "My Strange Patient," by William T. Nichols. The other tales are "The Train for Tarrow's," and "Carroll's Cows." In an article at once crisp and solid, Fred. Perry Powers discusses "Ethics and Economics." Theodore Stanton supplies some facts concerning "French Roads." A question vital to housekeepers, that of "Domestic Service," is discussed by Mary C. Hungerford. The poetry of the number is by Edith M. Thomas, Martha T. Tyler and Clinton Scollard.

"Music" for October, like all its predecessors, is an extremely valuable publication. It is filled with high class reading on the subject that cannot but prove both of profit and entertainment to all interested in the harmonious art. Published at Chicago.

There is wide variety in the contents of the October number of "St. Nicholas." It opens with a familiar sketch by John J. a' Becket of "The Child-Painter: J. G. Brown," illustrated. Prof. Brander Matthews' "Great American Authors," a paper on James Russell Lowell. James Baldwin writes of "Bayard," a horse, noted in legendary history. In his "Hero-Tales from American History," Theodore Roosevelt tells the blowing up of the Confederate ram "Albemarle." Swinnerton describes the ingenious manner in which a vessel "Aground in the Amazon" was gotten afloat again. The latest chapter in William T. Hornaday's "Quadrupeds of North America" is devoted to the Manatee, Tapir, and Peccary. There are the usual number of other stories, verses and jingles, and the illustrations are up to the high standard of this magazine. Published at New York.

The October "Eclectic" opens with a liberal-minded and earnest "Defense of Prayer," by the Rev. Wm. Barry, written in answer to a former article by Mr. Norman Pearson. A good scientific article tells of "The Spectroscope in Recent Chemistry." In his article, "Harnessing Niagara," Mr. George Forbes displays much self-esteem as an engineer. A useful article on "Literary Construction" is signed by Prof. Vernon Lee, and Prince Kropotkin writes of the "Present Condition of Russia. There are eight numbers of travels, adventure and fiction. Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth street, New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" has the following contents for October: "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," "Professional Institutions," "Man of Science and Philosopher," "Trout Culture," "Recent Recrudescence of Superstition," "Thomas Henry Huxley," "Pleasures of the Telescope," "The Life of Water Plants," "Studies of Childhood," "Hunting With Birds of Prey," Illustrated; "War as a Factor in Civilization," "Sketch of David Hosack," Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. Published at New York.

With the October number "The Century Magazine" closes its twenty-fifth year and its fiftieth volume. This month marks the centenary of Keats, and there are several articles on the poet. There are also several tributes to E. J. Glave, the young explorer who died a month ago in Africa. Professor Cesare Lombroso has an essay on "Nordau's 'Degeneration;' Its Value and Its Errors." "Life in the Tuileries Under the Second Empire," full of lively anecdotes of Eugenie and the ladies of her court. There is a study of "The Marriage Rate of College Women." Besides the concluding chapters of Marion Crawford's dramatic novel "Casa Braccio," the fiction of the number is contributed by George A. Hibbard, Ruth McEnery Stuart and George Wharton Edwards. Published at New York.

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

ELEPHANTS never go to sleep without leaving one of the herd awake to keep watch and give warning in case of intrusion. Go into the big menagerie tent of a circus any night after the elephants have gone to sleep, or go into one of the elephant cars on a night run, and you will find that, no matter how quietly and stealthily you have entered, the eye of one member of the herd is upon you.

Conklin believes, as do most all elephant keepers, that the animal can understand what is said to it. Indeed, trainers assert that it has more intelligence than any other animal, and that it is the only one that can be taught to mind by word of mouth, without other cues.

That it is endowed to a limited extent with reasoning powers is certain. One German philosopher thinks he has discovered that this mental development is due to the fact that in the trunk the elephant possesses a prehensile organ similar to the hand of man.

The hand, he asserts, has played a more important part in the development of the human intellect than any other agency, since it brings its possessor into more intimate relations with the external world than any other organ.

Some menagerie man, with more practical observation than the German professor and a smaller bump of theorizing, has pointed out that the only flaw in this reasoning is that if it is correct the gorillas and chimpanzees ought to have a higher mental development than man, because they have four good hands instead of two, and any one of the four is stronger than the eight hands of four men.

Well authenticated stories of the sagacity of elephants are so numerous that it is never necessary to resort to exaggeration to say something interesting about them. In their wild state the leader of a herd has been seen when approaching swampy ground to extend one foot to try it solidity before trusting his weight to it.

When satisfied of its firmness, he would go confidently on, and the whole herd would follow in single file, cautiously stepping in the footprints of the leader, so that when the entire herd had thus passed the ground would look as if a single animal had gone that way.

The same trait of caution is preserved in the domesticated animal. The action is not the result of training, but a brute instinct always displayed and bearing a striking resemblance to reason.

When Jumbo tried to butt a fast freight off from the Grand Trunk tracks in an effort to save the baby of the Barnum herd, Tom Thumb, and lost his life in the attempt, it was said that his action gave unmistakable evidence of reason, though it was poor testimony to his judgment that he so greatly underestimated the force of the locomotive.

In the matter of the food value of different materials the reasoning power of the elephant is very faulty, however. He will eat almost anything that comes his way.

If a canvasman leaves a coat or vest hanging on a quarter pole within reach of an elephant, the big brute will edge over toward it and watch an opportunity when unobserved to touch it with his trunk. Then he will begin to haul it toward him, putting in rolls of hay and chewing them between times. As soon as the garment is at his feet the elephant will put one of his ponderous five hooted pedals on it and begin to tear it up, rolling the pieces in his trunk and stuffing them into his mouth.

The sole of a shoe is just as good for him to chew on as a wisp of hay, and his natural instinct of mischief inclines him to prefer that which he knows is forbidden him.

The first elephant brought to America for exhibition purposes was Old Bet, and it has often been remarked that the American circus was built on her shoulders. Different accounts fail to agree in regard to the date of her importation, which is placed all the way 1776 to 1833 by different writers of old time reminiscences. Old Bet was brought over in the ship America, of which Captain Crowninghield was master, and she landed, according to the harbor records, in Philadelphia in April, 1798. She was but 5 feet high, and the sum of $10 000 was paid for her, the largest price that had been paid up to that for any animal, either here or in Europe. She was first exhibited in Philadelphia and astonished the public daily by drawing the corks from 30 bottles of beer and drinking the contents. On the 20th of June, 1799, she passed through New York on the way to Boston.

Old Bet had been bought on the community plan by a number of farmers of Putnam county, N. Y., at the instance of one Ludwig Bistadler, each mortgaging his farm and putting $500 into the venture. They exhibited her under wagon sheds at hotels by putting a piece of side canvas up in front of the shed.

The admission was 25 cents for adults and 12½ cents, or a York shilling, for children. The gigantic zoological institute, as the caravan was called, traveled east as far as Pawtucket, R. I., where the elephant was shot and killed. As the "institute" contained no other attractions the show closed.

The same proprietors then imported a second elephant, which they also called Old Bet, and they enlarged their exhibition by adding to the collection a lion and a two horse cage and one monkey in a box strapped on to the hind end of the lion's cage.

The second Old Bet landed in 1833. Following her to these shores the next pachyderm to arrive seems to have been Mogul, a very big fellow with long tusks, who was burned on the steamer Royal Tar between St. John's and Portland, Me.

CONSISTENCY.—If you have a friend in private, let him be what he will, you are bound by honor and the law of self-respect to be his friend in public. His character may be shaky, but the creaking of those loose hinges, which has not warned you off in the safe disguise of the night, must not make you ashamed of recognition in the day.

It may be hard, but it has to be done. Be a purist if you will, and decline companionship with men whose moral hinges hang loose and awry, but, if you do forgather in solitude, you must not turn your back in the crowd.

Yet how many people are of this two-fold kind—fair and soft as silk when no one is near, reserved, cool, repudiating their own acts of yesterday when the world stands by with its tar-brush to sprinkle the companion of those whom it has already splashed!

AT HOME.—The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake.

They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable because their natures overflow with benevolence; unflurried, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself anywhere and everywhere—purity of soul with fulness of health.

Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

DAMP CLOTHING.—If the clothes which cover the body are damp, the moisture which they contain has a tendency to evaporate by the heat communicated to it by the body. The heat absorbed in the evaporation of the moisture contained in clothes must be in part supplied by the body, and will have a tendency to reduce the temperature of the body in an undue degree, and thereby to produce cold.

The effect of violent labor or exercise is to cause the body to generate heat much faster than it would do in a state of rest. Hence we see how, when clothes have been rendered wet by rain or by perspiration, the taking of cold may be avoided by keeping the body in a state of exercise or labor until the clothes can be changed, which in every case should be done as quickly as possible, particularly underclothing, as stockings, vests, and shirts; if not, rheumatism will sooner or later set in.

BEGGING AND BEGGARS.—Begging is disguised under many strange trades in Paris. A woman was recently found who sells sets of addresses of the charitably disposed to begging-letter impostors. She sells two sorts, the big set and the little set. The little set is five francs and contains two hundred addresses; for ten francs one can have the big set of three hundred and fifty addresses, sufficient, said the vendor, to enable anyone starting in the business to earn his living for a year. As these facts have been given a wide publicity, the persons whose addresses are collected will receive a useful warning. Ordinary street begging in Paris, it appears is reckoned to bring in an average of at least a shilling an hour.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, sunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address

JAS. A. HARRIS,
Box 261. Delray, Mich.

AUTUMN AND REFLECTION.—Undoubtedly external circumstances and influences have much to do with moods of mind. The spring is full of hope; the intense heat of summer leaves little room for anything else but the desire to keep comfortable; while autumn is especially the season for reflection.

Our thoughts then become grave and solemn. We are drawing space, and perceptibly, towards the close of another year, and we involuntarily ask ourselves what life consists of, for what purpose we live, and to what the journey so rapidly being traversed is to lead?

Yes, we ask, not alone what life is, but what death is, and about a future life, and where and when that future life is to be. Autumn speaks to the soul in a voice to which it cannot but listen. It seems as if all the dead whom we have known are silently beckoning to us now; but it is in vain that we sigh or strive for any intelligible communion with them. We can only submit to the inevitable in elancholy mood, and wait patiently for the day of greater knowledge.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Monticello (Ia.) Constitution relates that, on a plantation a few miles from the city, there lived in great felicity a pair of ducks. But the old drake, being of a rather pugnacious disposition, was sentenced to be shot. Several hours after the sentence was executed his mate was observed to droop, and shortly thereafter she died, unquestionably of a broken heart.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use CLOTHES ARE SAVED. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. Now it costs nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

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Humorous.

The miser, who doth store away
Each penny he can earn,
Will find upon the Judgment Day
He money has to burn.
—U. S. Nose.

Mother's hope—A son-in-law.

Has great will power—The millionaire.

Novel sport for the million—A millrace.

A domestic broil—Preparing a beefsteak.

The tallest men do not always live longest.

The barber no sooner gets out of one scrape than he gets into another.

A fact—According to the Articles of War, it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

The crab is an unfortunate creature. It is always getting into hot water.

"I utterly refuse your proposition of marriage! Do I not make myself plain?" "Natual has forestalled you," he said, gettting in his work with deadly effect.

"Mathematics is quite essential in the study of architecture, isn't it?" asked Miss Wilkins. "Yes," said Harley; "though some parts of architectural work consists in simple additions."

A.: I bought one of those patent rat-traps the other day.

B.: Did you have any trouble setting it?

A.: Oh, no! I soon got my hand in.

Thomas: Have they named the twins over at your house yet?

John: Yep; Pa called them Thunder and Lightning as soon as he heard about them.

Teller: Nogoodson got off something last night that pleased everybody.

Askins: H'm! What was it?

Teller: The earth; he died.

Gawge: Cholly was badly frightened this morning.

Willie: What happened?

Gawge: Just as he turned the corner the shadow of one of those big flats fell on him.

Customer: I don't think I'll pay for this meal.

Cashier: Think again.

Customer: Well, you know, I'm a free thinker.

Bootblack: Dis yere business is very hard on my eyes.

Customer: On your eyes?

Bootblack: Yes; yer see I puts such a dazzlin' shine on de shoes it hurts 'em.

Chimmy: Wot's der matter wid Reddy Smith? He's so stuck up he hardly speaks to anybody.

Tommy: Why, didn't you hear? His Uncle Bill broke out of the penitentiary last night.

Hoax: I'd ask you home to dinner with me, old chap, but for one reason.

Joax: What's that?

Hoax: My wife is taking a course of instructions at a cooking school.

Stout man, whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow-boarder: "I declare, I have three buttons off my vest."

Mistress of the house, who has been aching to give him a hint: "You will probably find them in the dining-room, sir."

The friend: Have you seen your husband's mother yet?

The bride: I have, and she is the most extraordinary woman I ever heard of.

The friend: How is that?

The bride: Why, she thinks me good enough for her son.

Caller: Is Miss Henrietta at home?

Servant: No, sir.

Caller: How do you know?

Servant: She told me to tell you so, sir.

Caller: Oh, that's different. I might doubt your veracity, but I couldn't doubt that of your lovely mistress. Good evening.

Customer: What kind of insect powder have you got that you can recommend for cockroaches?

Druggist: Well, I have half a dozen kinds, but I hardly know which is best. My wife has tried them all, and she says the cockroaches at our house don't seem to have any preference.

"It's no use," she said dejectedly, "I've simply got to suffer."

"What's the matter?"

"Young Mr. Slogo called last night. I endured his society patiently until in self-defense I was forced to remark, 'Really, Mr. Slogo, I'm very much afraid it is getting late.'"

"And what did he do then?"

"He simply smiled and said that women are naturally timid."

John, sheepishly: "I s'pose you'll be gittin' married some time."

Betty, with a frightened air: "Oh, I—I guess not."

"Mebby I'll git married some time."

"Mebby."

"Mebby we might both git married at the same time."

"Wouldn't it be awful, John, if the minister should make a mistake an' marry us to each other."

"I—I shouldn't mind."

"No—neither should I."

A CONTRAST.—One man, through favor or influence or interest, gains a high office in political life.

Another, without any of these accessories, wins an equal place through his fitness for it, gained by long years of faithful loyal servive and gradual preparation. The former, notwithstanding his official position, has undergone no more improvement than the mineral which was dug from the earth.

As he was before, so he remains. The latter has become truly elevated, for he has risen in worth; the force from within has developed his powers and fitted him for higher usefulness.

One youth has been put through the various stages of school and college life, he has been sent abroad for culture, and has had done for him all that money and friends can do; yet, with all this eternal pushing upwards, he may not have half the true mental elevation of another who, without any advantages but what he has earned for himself, is yet a close thinker, a sincere seeker after truth, an earnest wrestler with mental difficulties, a student, not merely of books, but of men and nature.

CONCLUSIVE.—The superintendent of a Sunday-school, having organized a splendid strawberry treat for his pupils, thought it right at the close of the repast to connect some lesson with their evident appreciation of the fruit.

"Have you enjoyed these strawberries to day?" he said.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," came from all sides with unmistakable heartiness.

"Well, children, if you had seen these strawberries growing in my garden, and had slipped in through the gate without my leave, and picked them without my leave, would they have tasted as good as now?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Why not?" asked the gratified master, anticipating the virtuous answer obviously suggested.

"Because," said one of the little flock, "then we shouldn't have had sugar and cream with 'em."

JOHN TUCK.—There are a great many Chinese emigrants in some parts of Australia; and a publican who had had small dealings with the "almond eyes" found them close—remarkably close, though honest.

But on a certain day his confidence was rudely shaken. John faced the bar, and blandly, as usual, requested "two shilling blandy."

It was given him in a bottle, and the bottle went up his capacious sleeve. But, as he sought for the money amongst the mysterious folds of his nether gear, his face grew blank.

"No catchee money; by-by catchee money, then catchee blandy." He put the bottle—rather a bottle—upon the bar and retired.

An hour elapsed and he did not return. Then Boniface took up the bottle, intending to replace the liquor in the original flask; but, ere doing so, he applied it to his nose. Confusion; the contents of the bottle were not even one star brandy, but very mild tea.

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For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

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Strange indeed that

A PLAIN THING like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked". Try it in your next house-cleaning

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What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.